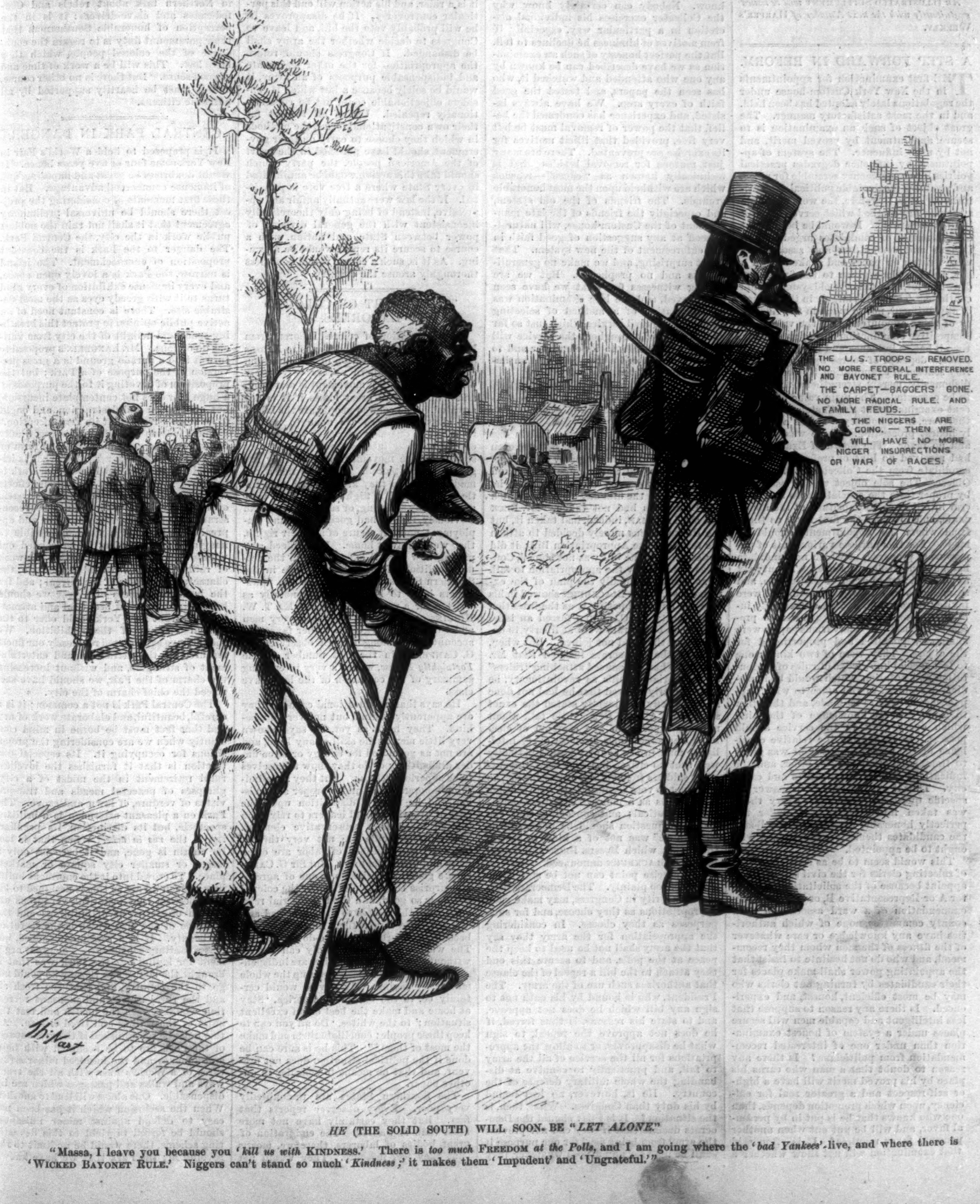
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 1165.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


THE U. S. TROOPS REMOVED.
NO MORE FEDERAL INTERFERENCE AND BAYONET RULE.
THE CARPET—BAGGERS GONE.
NO MORE RADICAL RULE. AND FAMILY FEUDS.
THE NIGGERS ARE GOING. — THEN WE WILL HAVE NO MORE NIGGER INSURRECTIONS OR WAR OF RACES.
Th. Nast

HE (THE SOLID SOUTH) WILL SOON BE "*LET ALONE*."

"Massa, I leave you because you '*kill us with* KINDNESS.' There is *too much* FREEDOM *at the Polls*, and I am going where the '*bad Yankees*' live, and where there is 'WICKED BAYONET RULE.' Niggers can't stand so much '*Kindness*;' it makes them 'Impudent' and 'Ungrateful.'"

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar Postage Free.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage Prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 26, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains three pages of engravings relating to* Shakspeare *and Stratford-on-Avon, and a second installment of* "The Distracted Young Preacher."

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A STEP FORWARD IN REFORM.

The first examination for appointments in the New York Custom-house under the regulations lately adopted has been held, and in the most satisfactory manner. The great object of such an examination is to secure appointment by proved merit, and not by mere influence. The system of appointment by influence degrades practical politics into a mercenary scramble for place, and produces incalculable political demoralization. It is, therefore, the worst possible system. Any method which serves to break it up is preferable. It would be better that all the names of candidates urged by politicians and committees and associations were written on paper and shaken up in a hat, and the place given to the first name drawn by lot, than that the old system should continue. The evil is largely in the method of appointment, not so much in the efficiency of those appointed; and the value of a competitive examination is that at the same time it baffles influence and tests merit. Its success depends of course upon good faith. Any scheme of examination, if it be applied dishonestly, merely strengthens the abuse to be corrected. The main value of the recent examination at the Custom-house lay, therefore, in its honesty. It was a perfectly honest proceeding. There was no fear, and no favor. The Board of Examination had received no hint of preference of any candidate from the Collector or the Naval Officer. The sole object was to ascertain by proper tests the special fitness and general intelligence and aptitude of the applicants, and to select the first three as those from whom the appointments should be made. For this purpose various sets of papers were prepared, of which no candidate had any knowledge whatever. Twenty-six applicants, first in order of application, and as many as could be accommodated, were invited to compete, and an exceedingly intelligent-looking body of gentlemen presented themselves. The various papers were admirably prepared and proportioned for the object. They were of two kinds: one to test special knowledge of rules of computation and notation which would be immediately required in the office to which appointments were to be made, and the other to show general knowledge of the kind which every clerk in the service should possess. In estimating the relative excellence of the papers, due weight was given to time, handwriting, form, order, and the indications of general quickness and capacity. Thus it was not enough to answer the specific questions correctly. Every thing was taken into account, and under the perfectly honorable conduct of the Board the candidates themselves determined who ought to be appointed.

This would seem to be as sensible a way of selecting clerks for the civil service as to appoint because of the solicitation of Senator A or Representative B, or upon the recommendation of a ward association or a county committee, none of which authorities have any knowledge or care whatever of the fitness of the men whom they recommend, and who do not hesitate to insist that the appointing power shall make places for their candidates by turning out clerks who may be most efficient, honest, and experienced. Is there any reason to suppose that less intelligent and capable men will secure places under a system of honest examination than under one of interested recommendation from politicians? Is there any reason to doubt that a man who earns his place by his proved merit will have a higher self-respect and a greater zeal for efficiency, upon which promotion depends, than one who knows that he is put in by personal favor, and will be put out when another personal favor requires? It is often said that examination will not show whether a man has the necessary faculty and tact for filling a place. Very well. Will the recommendation of a member of Congress or a ward committee show it? Nothing but experience will prove it, and all that can be done in advance is to select the one who shows himself to be apparently most promising, by equal tests with others, and in doing this the whole vast machine of patronage is broken up, and the people are relieved from the political despotism of office-holders.

The late examination to fill two vacancies in the Naval Office was a thoroughly intelligent and sincere step in this direction, and one in which the country is in reality hardly less interested than in the action of Congress. The ridicule which it encounters even from professed friends of the reform of which it is an honest part is not very appalling to those who know its sincerity. The good faith of the management of the Custom-house must be judged by what we know, not by what we do not know. Nobody can certainly know why the Collector exercises his individual discretion in a particular way, especially if from motives of kindness he declines to tell. But the perfect honesty of such an examination as we have described can be known by any one who attended and watched it, who has seen the papers, and tested the good faith of every step. We have always insisted, and experience has confirmed the belief, that the power of removal must be left very free, provided that illicit motives for its exercise are prevented. There are many just reasons for removal besides what is technically known as "cause"—reasons which are withheld upon the most honorable grounds. The friends of the old system, and especially the friends of the late management of the Custom-house, will naturally scoff at any suggestion of good faith in the enforcement of the new system. That is not surprising, and we make no generalizations and no prophecies. But we are willing witnesses for what we have seen and proved, and the late examination was an illustration of a method of selecting clerks for the civil service which just so far as it is adopted throughout the service will be a signal benefit to its character and to the self-respect of its members, and an immense gain for honorable politics.

THE ARMY DEBATE IN THE HOUSE.

The debate upon the Army Bill in the House was somewhat confused, because both sides were so intent upon party advantage. Mr. **Garfield** did not change his ground upon the last day, as was alleged, but he attacked upon the first day a position which the Democrats had not taken. Mr. **Beck** and Mr. **Thurman**, indeed, had taken it, but the House caucus merely decided to attach the repeal to the Appropriation Bill; it did not say that if the bill was not signed, Congress would allow the appropriation to fail. That was undoubtedly the plan of the extreme men, as Mr. **Blackburn** showed in his speech; but in opposing it as the intention of the party, Mr. **Garfield** forced an issue which the Democrats were at liberty to declare that they had not joined. But when, in turn, the Democrats insisted that Mr. **Garfield** had denounced attaching "riders" to appropriation bills as revolutionary, he very properly showed that he had not done it, and briefly and lucidly stated the exact situation. All the Democratic talk about military supervision and coercion of elections was superfluous, because every intelligent man in the country knows perfectly well that no citizen has ever been prevented by soldiers from voting, unless, indeed, he chose not to vote because there were soldiers at the polls as a police. The "grievance" was theoretical; and conceding that the clause in question should be repealed, the "grievance" was not of a kind to justify the action which Messrs. **Beck** and **Thurman** and **Blackburn** announced.

The precise point can not be stated too often nor too plainly. The Democrats, having a majority in Congress, may make such appropriations as they choose, and for such purposes as they choose. In considering the appropriation for the army they say that the army shall not be used to keep the peace at the polls, and to secure this end they attach to the bill a repeal of the clause that authorizes such use of the army. The President, who is bound by his oath not to sign any bill which he does not approve, and to state his reasons, is thus forced, if he does not approve the repeal, to sign what he disapproves, or to allow the appropriations for all the service of all the army to fail, and practically to connive at disbanding the whole military defense of the country. He is, however, no less bound by his duty than Congress. What, then, is the situation? It is this: should the Democrats declare that if they can not prevent the army from being used for one purpose it shall be used for no purpose whatever, they virtually destroy the army. Nor this only; it would be saying that if they can not force the repeal of a law unconstitutionally, the government shall come to a stand. A law is repealed constitutionally when both Houses of Congress and the Executive consent, or when, if the Executive dissents, two-thirds of both Houses agree. There is no other constitutional method of repeal. If, however, a mere majority in Congress threatens the Executive that if it does not assent to what he disapproves, and when he persists in doing his plain constitutional duty, refuses appropriations, and "starves out" the government, it is practically as revolutionary as if it stopped the government by armed force.

The country is now to see whether the revolutionary plan announced by Mr. **Beck** and Mr. **Thurman** and Mr. **Blackburn** is to be carried out in case of the President's disapproval of the repeal. If he approves it, he will of course sign the bill upon which it is a rider, and his action will end this particular controversy. If he disapproves it, he will probably veto the bill, and leave to Congress to decide whether the army shall be disbanded. If Congress should refuse the appropriation for the other legitimate and indispensable purposes of an army, it would be solely because a law which it considers objectionable could not be constitutionally repealed. Unless all respect for their own constitutional forms, the methods in which they choose to carry on their government, should have perished in the heart of the American people, the party which should take this action would be annihilated in every State where a free vote is permitted. If the law were actually unfair and oppressive, instead of being only theoretically inconsistent with the general division of power between State and nation, such a course to secure its repeal would be alarming. As it is, such a course would doubtless thoroughly arouse the country.

THE FLIGHT OF COLORED LABORERS.

The emigration of colored laborers from Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas to Kansas is a significant illustration of the situation. Some of the Southern papers very justly perceive that such a movement is alarming, and will result in great losses if it is not arrested. The colored people are the laboring class, and there are none to replace them. The question why they are going is one of peculiar interest, and the first fact shown by the movement is that they are greatly discontented. They are not a nomadic race, and they are satisfied with little. So general a flight shows that they are seriously suffering, or seriously alarmed. Obviously, if they had good wages and employment, and felt secure of all their rights, they would stay at home. It is, indeed, surprising how hard it is to ascertain the actual condition of the colored people in the Southern States. The letters in the newspapers have to be dismissed generally as written for a partisan purpose. Mr. T. W. **Higginson** and other old antislavery men and Union soldiers give a rather favorable account, and among foreign observers Sir G. **Campbell**, in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, writes a very interesting summary of the condition of the late slave class.

He says that in educational capacity they are apparently behind, but not very far behind. They have as yet, he says, shown very little mercantile skill of any kind, and are not as yet noted for energy or force under difficulties, nor do they show themselves to be superior artisans. But they are admirable laborers when under proper supervision, and he notes a disposition upon the part of proprietors and leaders to rely upon colored labor as a conservative element. The colored people are not very thrifty, however, and methods of labor are often loose and unsatisfactory. But Sir G. **Campbell**'s general conclusion is one of agreeable surprise that the position of the colored people is so good, and their industrial relations with the whites so little strained and difficult. He thinks them in a fair way to become a comfortable, well-to-do population. The whites, he says, certainly can not do without them, while the whites are indispensable to them. He wisely sums up the whole matter by saying, "My advice would certainly be, to the blacks in America, 'Stay at home and make the best of an excellent situation;' to the whites, 'Do all you can to keep these people; conciliate them and make the most of them.'" This he is sure can be done if the political situation does not prevent, and that he means to consider in another paper.

The Southern States are undoubtedly very poor. Every observer reports that fact. But they certainly have not more labor than is wanted. The emigration of great bodies of laborers, therefore, means that they feel insecure. They would not feel so had their treatment been fair, and the movement beyond the Mississippi is an unmistakable impeachment of the conduct of the whites. Mr. **Lamar** is from Mississippi, and he must admit that if the assertions of his recent article in the *North American* were accurate, if the colored people felt sure of fair wages and fair play at the polls in Mississippi, they would certainly not go by hundreds to Kansas. He and all the intelligent white leaders in the States concerned are arraigned by this great exodus. Why have they not cultivated a public opinion which would have made all kinds of Ku-Kluxery impossible, and would have assured the colored people that they need not look North for their best friends? Agents and knaves and demagogues may have promised mules and forty acres and a charming climate, but they would have been vain allurements against fair play at home. The remedy of the situation is not in Southern denunciation of the North, or in Northern talk about rebels and Confederates and slave-drivers: it is in the perception of honorable Southerners that their paramount duty is to regain the confidence of the colored people, which they have lost. This will be a work of time and of good sense. But there is no other course, and it must be heartily supported by all patriotic citizens.

CENTRAL PARK IN DANGER.

It is proposed to hold a World's Fair in New York some four or five years hence. It would doubtless be great and imposing, and of immense commercial advantage. But in these first moments of considering the project there should be universal preliminary agreement that it shall not ruin the noblest public work in the city, the Central Park. The danger to the Park is the constant proposition of encroachment. The island is narrow, the Park is a lovely open space, and every immense exhibition of every kind turns to it with greedy eyes as the most desirable site. There is constant need of an active public opinion to protect this breathing space and delight of the city from various incursions. Mr. **Langbein**'s proposal to turn it into a parade ground is a gross perversion of the purpose of a Park; but the proposition of devoting it to the purposes of a huge Fair does not contemplate incursion, but occupation and destruction, and ought to be stoutly resisted at its very inception.

The situation in Philadelphia was wholly different. The enormous area and form of the Park in that city admitted what is impossible in the Central Park. Our Park is narrow. It is especially designed for effects which would be destroyed by a vast system of buildings. The space must be reconstructed to furnish proper avenues and approaches. It is, in a word, impossible to imagine such a project being carried out without covering the Park with a net-work of railroads which would annihilate the characteristic charm of the retreat; and for the business chances of a year we should have ruined the most beautiful and attractive work that New York could offer to the myriad visitors of the Exhibition. We should have squandered recklessly our finest resource for the attraction and entertainment of strangers, and without increasing the charm of the Fair, we should have sacrificed the chief charm of the city.

The Central Park is not a common; it is a careful, beautiful, and elaborate work of art, and that fact must be borne in mind constantly when we are considering the propositions for occupying it. Its especial distinction is that it furnishes the loveliest rural retirement in the midst of a city, glimpses of peaceful meads and tranquil vistas of verdure, of lawn and grove. The Park on a pleasant afternoon is a brilliant spectacle, but its distinction, its peculiarity, is the *rus in urbe*. When that is lost its charm is gone, and it becomes only a larger or smaller city square or market-place. To crowd into it the enormous buildings of such a Fair as this is designed to be, is to destroy that beautiful, verdurous exclusion of the sight of buildings and the presence of the city which is the secret of its beauty. It is a sentiment, indeed, but it is a sanitary sentiment. The great argument for laying out the Park was that it brought the country to those who could not go to the country, and that the fresh air and the rural aspect and pleasant recreation would refresh the health and rest the mind of the toiling and tired citizen. All this must be relinquished if the great spaces of the Park are to be occupied with halls and annexes and the hundred minor structures of a World's Fair, with all the tramways and walks and passages which are indispensable. One abuse will lead to another. When the seclusion which it has been not easy to defend against minor nuisances should be forced to yield to this devastating scheme, there would be no limit to the revolution; the Park that we have known would disappear, and there would be a mass of Fair buildings in a large and perverted garden. The mischief must be met and overcome at the beginning.

Certainly the Central Park is worth preserving for its great and wise purpose, and there are a score of sites that could be provided for a Fair. Many disasters of many kinds have befallen the Park. There are those who remember that a bronze Venus was painted white; that groves have been trimmed up to naked stems; that the whole series of the Hawkins casts of extinct animals was buried as rubbish. These were painful and ludicrous misfortunes; but the suggestion of occupation by the World's Fair is a threat of destruction.

THE MINORITY REPORT ON EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

A brief but very able report, and almost wholly unnoticed, is that of the minority of the late Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, in favor of the enfranchisement of women. A similar proposition in the British Parliament recently obtained a very large vote. The Massachusetts Senate lately voted to authorize women to take part in elections of School Committees, and on all sides the vitality of the question is apparent. The majority of the late Committee on Privileges and Elections, Messrs. Wadleigh, M'Millan, Ingalls, Saulsbury, Merrimon, and Hill, reported with contemptuous brevity against the proposition. The minority, Messrs. Hoar, Mitchell, and Angus Cameron, in a report written, we presume, by Senator Hoar, criticises the assertions of the majority with great acuteness, and furnishes a popular *vade mecum* for the friends of equal suffrage. The report presses with vigor the postulate of our political system, that all men have an equal right to a share in the government. The fathers, it thinks, failed to carry out the principle logically in three particulars. They tolerated slavery; they required a property test; and they excluded women. The first two inconsistencies have disappeared; the last must show valid reason why it should not follow. The report does not stop to discuss the correctness of the theory of our institutions, but so far as the opponents of woman suffrage are driven to deny it, as an argument to the American people, they confess that they are in the wrong. The principle stands to-day stronger than ever in the judgment of mankind. There have been crimes, blunders, and follies in our history, but few have been due to the extension of the suffrage. Our great shame has been a system inconsistent with it; our great sorrow the attempt to overthrow it. "Either the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the Bills of Rights is true, or government must rest on no principle of right whatever," but its powers may be lawfully taken and held by force by those who persuade themselves that their rule is for the public interest. If this last doctrine be sound, no class can rightfully be excluded from an equal share in the government, unless it can be shown to lack some quality essential to the proper exercise of political power.

The report shows the futility of such an assertion in regard to women as a class, and then proceeds to analyze the special objections of the majority. These are the familiar assertions. Women are inexperienced, and depend upon the other sex; they can not enforce the laws which they may make; very few of them wish the suffrage; the change should be made slowly, and if at all, by the States; it would increase the number of voters by millions, and there are but thirty thousand petitioners. The minority report does not quail under this battery. It replies that to double the number of the constituent body would elevate the standard of the representative, and diminish corruption, and it cites English precedent. Inexperience is true of every voter when he first votes, and if it be a valid objection, it would have prevented any extension of the suffrage. Dependence is true of both sexes, but can not affect the right to the suffrage. Incapacity for military duty may be considered when incapable men are disfranchised for the same reason. Impotence to enforce laws supposes women as women arrayed against men in passing laws, and this contradicts the assertion of the dependence of women and their unwillingness to assume political burdens. The majority concede that women may be properly enfranchised in any State when they desire it. But if women are fit to decide a fundamental question in politics, for what public question are they unfit? And if the change ought to be made by the States, is it not plain that when two-thirds of Congress and three-fourths of the States have voted for it, there must be a large number in the other States favorable to it, so that it can never be forced upon unwilling communities, while the prevention of unjust discrimination by States against large classes of people is a matter of national concern, and a constitutional amendment may be deemed necessary if shown to be required by constitutional principles.

The report is an exceedingly clever paper. The defect of its argument is that our government rests upon the Constitution, and the Constitution is not based upon the Declaration of Independence, except as it was adopted by a people which had made the Declaration. The Constitution nowhere recognizes or establishes equal suffrage. It is not a theoretical Constitution at all. It is a working plan for the national co-operation of communities already politically organized. But this defect does not touch the trenchant disposition of the apparent arguments of the majority. The popular objections to equal suffrage are conclusively handled, and the absurd inconsistency of a practice which gives a vote to every drunken vagabond, and refuses it to intelligent citizens with the largest interests in the State, is admirably exposed. Nor is it to be denied that the principle of the Declaration is the political faith of the American people, although it is not expressly incorporated in the Constitution; and if it be true that governments justly exist only by the consent of the governed, expressed in the same way, there is no argument of consistency whatever for the disfranchisement of women.

"A PARTY IN A PARLOR."

The condition of the Democratic party in New York recalls the words of Charles Francis Adams in his eulogy upon Mr. Seward: "He early formed his conclusions adversely to the organization in New York professing to be the successors of the Jefferson school......It looked to him somewhat like a close corporation made for the purpose of dealing in popular doctrines, not so much for the public benefit as for that of the individual directors." The individual directors are terribly at loggerheads. A part of them are trying to recoil from the logic of their situation. When the question of the Presidency was lawfully settled in 1877, they should have assented or resisted. They could not do both, but they tried, and hence their dilemma. They should have put an end peremptorily to the nonsense about a "popular majority," and "undoubtedly elected," and "cheated out of the Presidency," and all the party "gag," which had but one object, namely, to favor Mr. Tilden. The gentlemen of whom we speak and their friends in Congress should have resolutely opposed the Potter committee, and, above all, they should have suppressed the cry of "fraud." When Mr. Tilden came home from Europe, and stood upon his door-step and said that the American people would never condone fraud, they should have pooh-poohed him lustily, declaring that the question of 1876 had been regularly and finally closed.

But Democratic papers, and orators, and platforms, and investigating committees, and members of Congress, and appeals, and addresses, and letters, have continuously and vociferously insisted that Mr. Tilden was the victim of fraud, that he had been cheated out of the Presidency, and that the American people would never, never, never, etc., etc. Even his opponents, the very gentlemen in question, have taunted him in Tammany and other addresses with want of pluck to assert his own rights and to take the Presidency. They have been very active, but they have been engaged in doing his work, and they begin now to discover it. It should have been clear to them that if the Democratic cry, in which every section of the party united, was "fraud," there could be but one result, and that the nomination of Mr. Tilden. In every way, therefore, they should have discouraged it. But they have promoted it, and now Andromeda Belmont and the other victims behold the rapacious denizen of the cold deep, whom they have fed and fattened, coming to devour them. Huddling in a parlor and calling upon Mr. Seymour will not avail. Still less will the pretense of seeking "harmony" serve them. Was the "party in a parlor" inharmonious? Harmony is to be promoted among those who differ, not those who agree. If the especial friends of Mr. Tilden had commingled with his foes, and they had both agreed to invoke the aid of Mr. Seymour, the word harmony would have been more fitting. Do Mr. Tilden and his friends unite in the invocation? If not, where is the harmony? Moreover, is Mr. Hoffman a desirable person for the opposition to Mr. Tilden to put forward? Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Smith M. Weed might try a treaty of harmony in the interests of pure politics and "reform." That would probably persuade the people of New York that the Democratic party is devoted to great principles and the public welfare.

Unhappily for themselves, the opponents of Mr. Tilden must see that he is the strongest Democratic candidate. They all insist that he was actually elected in 1876, and now, in 1880, in addition to the availabilities which stood him in such good stead then, there will be the prestige of "fraud," and the sublime resolution of the American people never to condone. Besides, they declare him to have emerged from the cloud of telegrams without the smell of a single cipher upon his robes of reform. The New York opposition now was the New York opposition in 1876. Mr. Dorsheimer, indeed, would perhaps be less zealous for the Tilden candidacy now than he was then. But it would be very hard for any Democrat to say why Mr. Tilden is not a good candidate now if he was then; and nobody denies that he was. He has done nothing in the mean time but say calmly, whenever a convenient door-step offered, that the American people would never, never, never, etc. When it is said that he ought to have taken the Presidency, it is replied on his behalf that those who now say so assented to the plan lawfully devised by Congress, which lawfully declared against him, and that his declining to "raise a row" is the best thing he ever did. Finally, if Mr. Tilden can not carry New York for his party, what Democrat can? The Democratic situation is very serious. But the party in the parlor must prepare for "Tilden and Reform."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Justin M'Carthy, who has just been elected to Parliament, without opposition, for the county of Longford, Ireland, is equally well known in the United States and England as a literary man by profession. He was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1830, and after receiving a liberal education, accepted employment on a Liverpool paper. In 1860 he entered the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons for the *Morning Star*, and in 1864 became chief editor of that paper. He resigned in 1868, to come to the United States, where he spent three years in lecturing, visiting every State in the Union but three. He is one of the most industrious of writers, and his productions are alike acceptable to publishers and readers—with satisfactory results to himself.

—Concerning novelists, Lord Lansdown was clearly of the opinion that the three greatest novelists in the world were Cervantes, Fielding, and Le Sage. Macaulay, who was present when the remark was made, said he thought *Don Quixote* the first novel of the world, and *Clarissa Harlowe* the next. He thought it well established that *Gil Blas* is a translation from the French.

—Mr. Westinghouse, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the inventor of the air-brake, is a good son. Last week, when he was in London, the seventieth anniversary of his father's birthday occurred, and he commemorated the event by sending him, per cable, a gift of $5000.

—Ex-Rabbi Silberstein has just celebrated at Vietz, near Berlin, his "iron wedding," or seventieth anniversary of his marriage. He is in his ninety-third year, and has one hundred and forty-five descendants, sixty-nine of whom attended the celebration.

—For the first time in England a patrician has officiated as leader of an orchestra, that function having been performed by the Earl of Dunmore, at her Majesty's Opera, a few evenings since. Between the second and third acts of *Rienzi* his lordship assumed the baton at the playing of a new "Wedding March," composed by his lordship for the occasion of the Duke of Connaught's marriage. Very fair march, they say.

—The London *Morning Post* speaks very highly of Mr. Stephen Massett's entertainments in that city. It says: "This gentleman has given three of his varied and amusing recitals or monologue evenings very successfully, and to large audiences, who appeared fully to appreciate his interesting programme. It was a brief evening among the poets, wits, song-writers, and authors, the humorists and story-tellers, from whom he extracted the matter of which this *olla-podrida* was composed."

—The best story-tellers in the country are to be met at Washington, and the tedium of state and Congressional proceedings is often "relieved by a little honest hilarity." Of our Presidents, Lincoln was the story-teller *par excellence*. Grant could and frequently did tell a story with great point, as readers of the Editor's Drawer of *Harper's Magazine* are aware. The present Executive does not originate, but frequently quotes an anecdote with effect. Mr. Evarts is always bright and witty, and is the life of cabinet meetings. General Devens is much given to punning. Secretary Thompson loves a joke, and can entertain a company with Hoosier anecdotes for a whole evening at a time. Schurz is fond of a good story, but doesn't tell many. Sherman and M'Crary are the sedate men of the cabinet.

—Jacob Neuss, a Frenchman, died in this city on the 7th inst., at the age of one hundred years, four months, and three days. He had resided in New York for forty-two years.

—Garibaldi's arrival in Rome is said to have occasioned a scene inexpressibly pathetic. As the train rolled into the dépôt a shout was raised, which was quickly hushed when his illness was announced. He lay like a dead man on the couch, which was placed in an open carriage, and followed by a mourning, silent crowd, he was driven to his son's house.

—John B. Gough has given during his public career about eight thousand addresses. He has the largest and best collection of Cruikshanks's etchings, some twelve hundred in number.

—One of the most familiar figures in the lobby of the House of Commons is Mr. Montague Corry, the private secretary and favorite of the Earl of Beaconsfield. Mr. Corry is about thirty-five; but while he preserves the gay address of youth, he can, when need be, show the gravity of old age. He knows and is known to every body, and is much liked. He has a happily frank address, and the special faculty of extracting more information than he dispenses. The friendship between himself and Lord Beaconsfield is one of the pleasantest episodes in political life. The two are inseparable, and no temptation of place or fortune would induce the secretary to leave his chief. Every one knows that a few years ago, when a lucrative appointment fell vacant in the House of Lords, the Premier unavailingly pressed it on the acceptance of Mr. Corry.

—Mr. Henry M. Stanley is again on the march, having gone to Zanzibar, commissioned by the King of the Belgians to reorganize the Belgian expedition.

—Pope Leo has sent to Queen Victoria an autograph letter welcoming her to Italy, and expressing good wishes for her welfare.

—Herr Krupp, the great gun-maker of Germany, has a spacious residence at Essen, capable of containing one hundred guests, and of dining three hundred. Herr Krupp is a tall, fine-looking man, of remarkably commanding presence, with white hair and beard, high forehead, bright eyes, and a strikingly intellectual expression. He is never seen before 11 A.M., when, weather permitting, he rides with his guests till one-o'clock luncheon, which is followed by coffee and dominoes, and discussions on the news of the day. At 3 P.M. he retires to a darkened room, where he jots down on a block, with a long pencil, for the benefit of his *fabrique*, the ideas which pass through his active mind. As the sheets are completed he tears them off the block, and leaves them scattered around; they are afterward collected and sent to a committee at Essen, by whom they are sorted. At other hours much of his brain-work is done, and not a little, too, is written in a manner peculiarly his own: he mounts a saddle on a stand in his study, putting his feet in the stirrups—a system which he strongly recommends as giving a different play to the muscles.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Democrats of the House passed the Army Appropriation Bill on the 5th inst., by a vote of 148 to 122. Ten Greenbackers voted with them, and two voted with the Republicans. On the 7th, the bill was received in the Senate, and referred, and on the day following it was reported back by the Committee on Appropriations without amendment, and placed on the calendar. Mr. Blaine gave notice that he would offer the following amendment at the end of Section 6, viz.: "And any military, naval, or civil officer, or any other person, who shall, except for the purpose herein named, appear armed with a deadly weapon of any description, either concealed or displayed, within a mile of any polling-place where a general or special election for Representatives to Congress is being held, shall, on conviction, be punished with a fine not less than $500 nor more than $5000, or with imprisonment for a period not less than six months nor more than five years, or with both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the Court."—Senator Bayard introduced a bill to repeal the test oath for jurors, and asked for its immediate consideration. Objection was made, and the matter was referred.—On the 9th, the House Committee on Rules reported on several amendments that had been referred to them. The leading features of the report were recommendations raising again the select committees on the Census, Reform of the Civil Service, and State of the Law; respecting ascertainment of the vote for President and Vice-President, epidemic diseases, ventilation of the hall of the House, and the causes of depression of labor; increasing the membership of several of the more important committees, as has heretofore been reported, and recommending the adoption of a new rule providing that a motion to suspend the rules to pass any general appropriation bill should have an affirmative vote of three-fourths of the members present. This new rule was discussed for some time, and finally was rejected for a substitute which extended to the Commerce, Ways and Means, Banking, and Coinage committees the privilege of reporting at any time.—On the 10th, the House adopted an amendment to the Legislative Appropriation Bill, providing for the re-issue of $10,000,000 currency reserve for the payment of arrears of pensions. After a long debate, Senator Bell, of New Hampshire, was admitted to a seat by a non-partisan vote of 35 to 28. Ten Democrats voted for him, and two Republicans against him.

The bill to re-apportion the Senate and Assembly districts of New York State passed both Houses on the 9th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

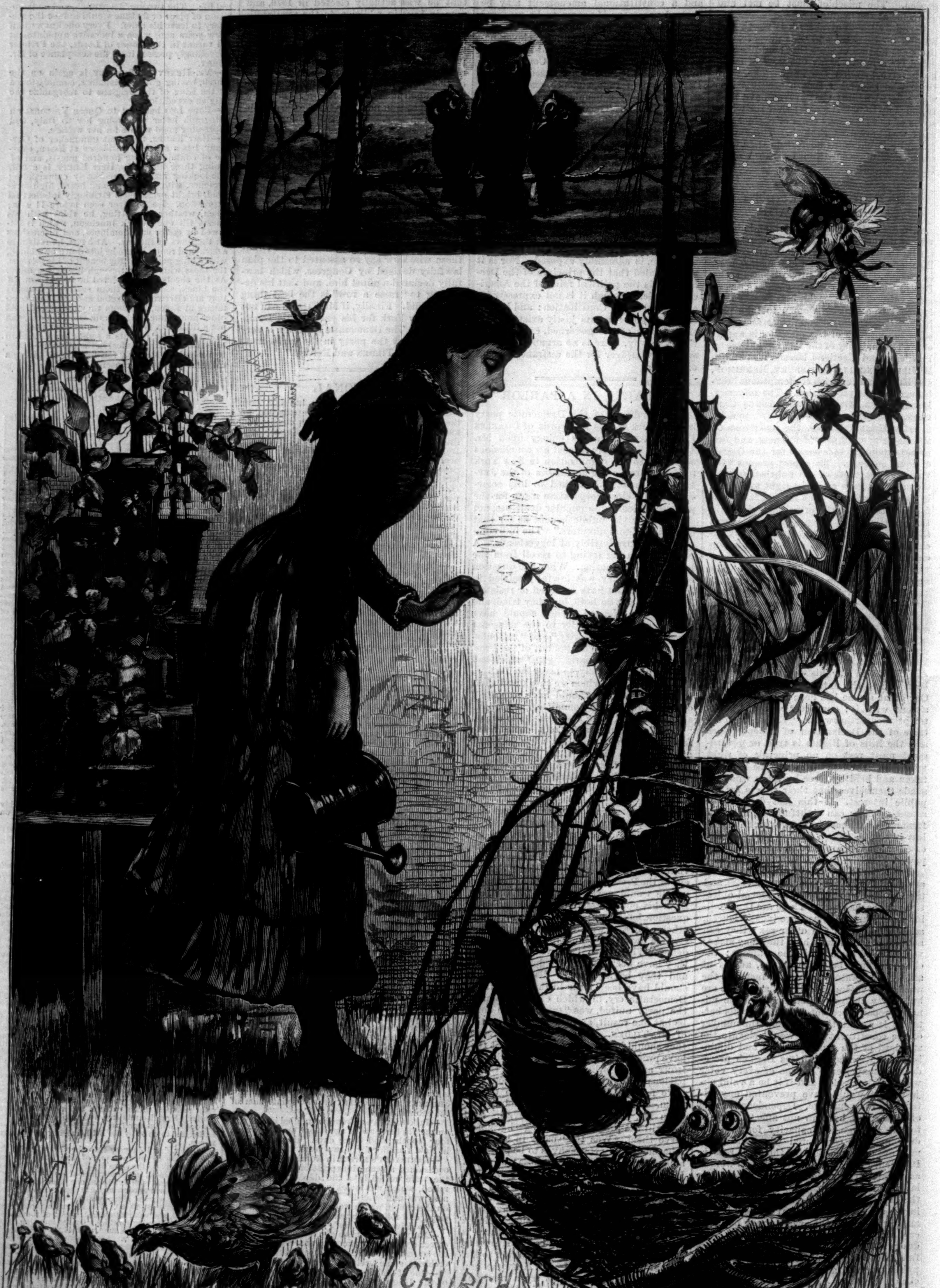
Another disaster has befallen the British in South Africa. A convoy of supplies proceeding from Derby, in the Londina district, to Luneburg, on the Pongolo River, escorted by 104 men of the Eightieth Regiment, was attacked at daybreak on March 12, on the banks of the Intombe River, by 4000 Zulus, under Umbelini. Owing to a previous alarm the British were under arms, but were overwhelmed by the enormously superior force of the enemy. Captain Moriarty and forty men were killed, and twenty are missing. Forty wagon drivers and followers are also supposed to have been slaughtered. Twenty-five dead Zulus were afterward found on the field, and many are thought to have been drowned.—On the 25th ult. Colonel Pearson signaled from Ekowe that he had plenty of ammunition, but that his provisions would hold out only ten days longer. The relief force, numbering 5000 men, were to march on the 26th ult.—Cetywayo's brother, Oham, with 600 followers, surrendered to the British on the 2d inst. They said that 2000 or 3000 more men would come in if troops were sent to support them.—The Border Agent at Umvoti reported, on the 1st ult., to Lord Chelmsford that messengers from Cetywayo had arrived there with overtures of peace. It is believed that the king merely wishes to gain time until after the harvest is gathered.

The British government has protested against the French seizure of Matacong, and sent a man-of-war there. The French claim that the island was ceded to them in 1878. The British claim possession since 1826.

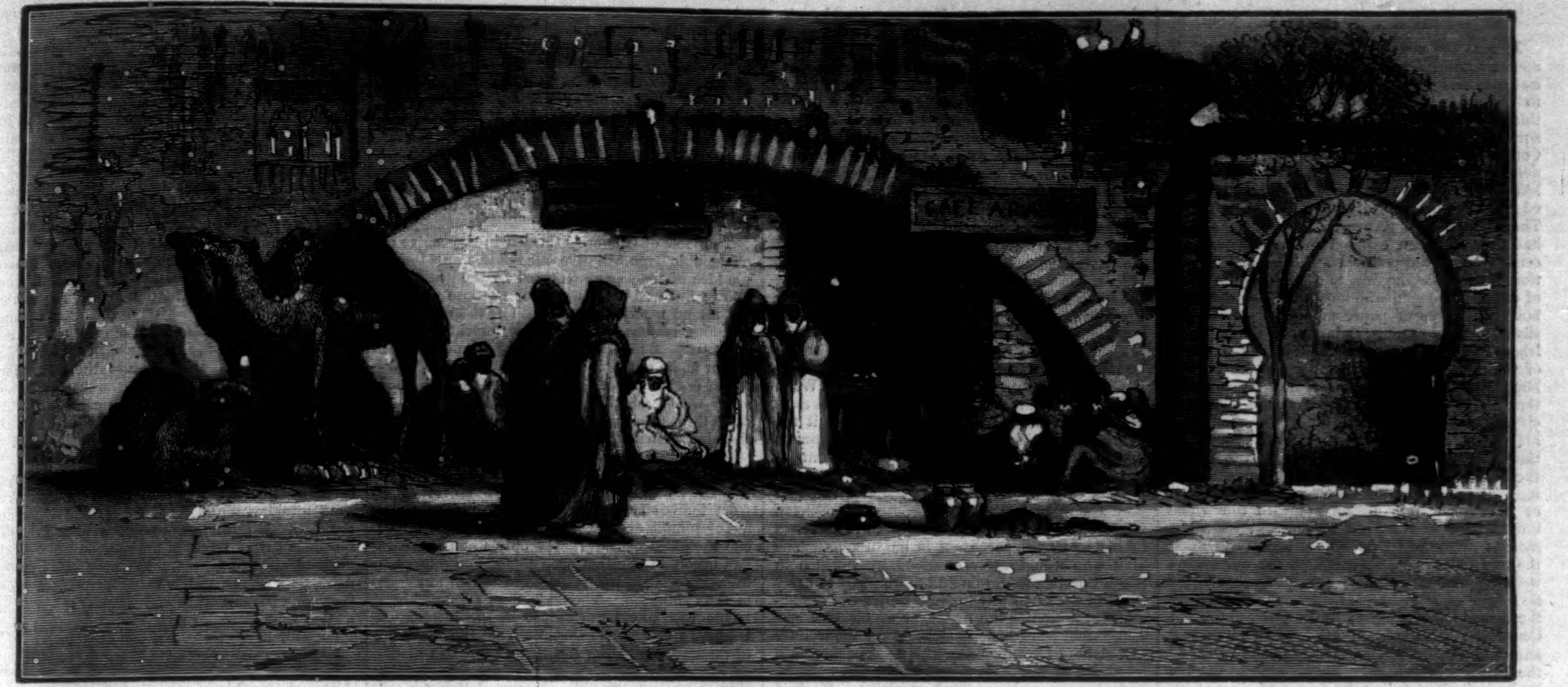
The Khedive of Egypt has dismissed the two European members of his cabinet, and appointed an exclusively Egyptian ministry, under Cherif Pasha. The European ministers refuse to vacate their posts unless authorized to do so by the British and French governments.

A letter, dated January 1, to the Governor-General of Southern Egypt, from one of his officers who was sent to break up the slave dépôts in the neighborhood of Bahr el Gazal, in the province of Kordofan, reports an engagement with Suleiman, one of the chief slave-traders and owner of twenty-five dépôts, in which it is stated the women alone waiting importation into Egypt numbered 10,000. The Egyptian forces numbered 3000, and were intrenched, a part of them being armed with Remington rifles. On the morning of the 28th of December, Suleiman, with 11,000 men, attacked the intrenchments. After numerous assaults, in which the Arabs, under the personal lead of Suleiman, fought with desperate courage, the attack was completely defeated, and the assailants fled in disorder, leaving 1087 dead on the field. The Egyptians lost twenty men. The next day 5000 deserters came over to the Egyptian camp. The Egyptians followed the enemy, and killed ten chiefs and 2000 more of their men.

The French Senate has adjourned until May 8, and the Chamber of Deputies until May 15. At the supplementary elections for members of the Chamber of Deputies, held on the 6th inst., thirteen Republicans and one Legitimist were chosen.



SPRING.—Drawn by F. S. Church.

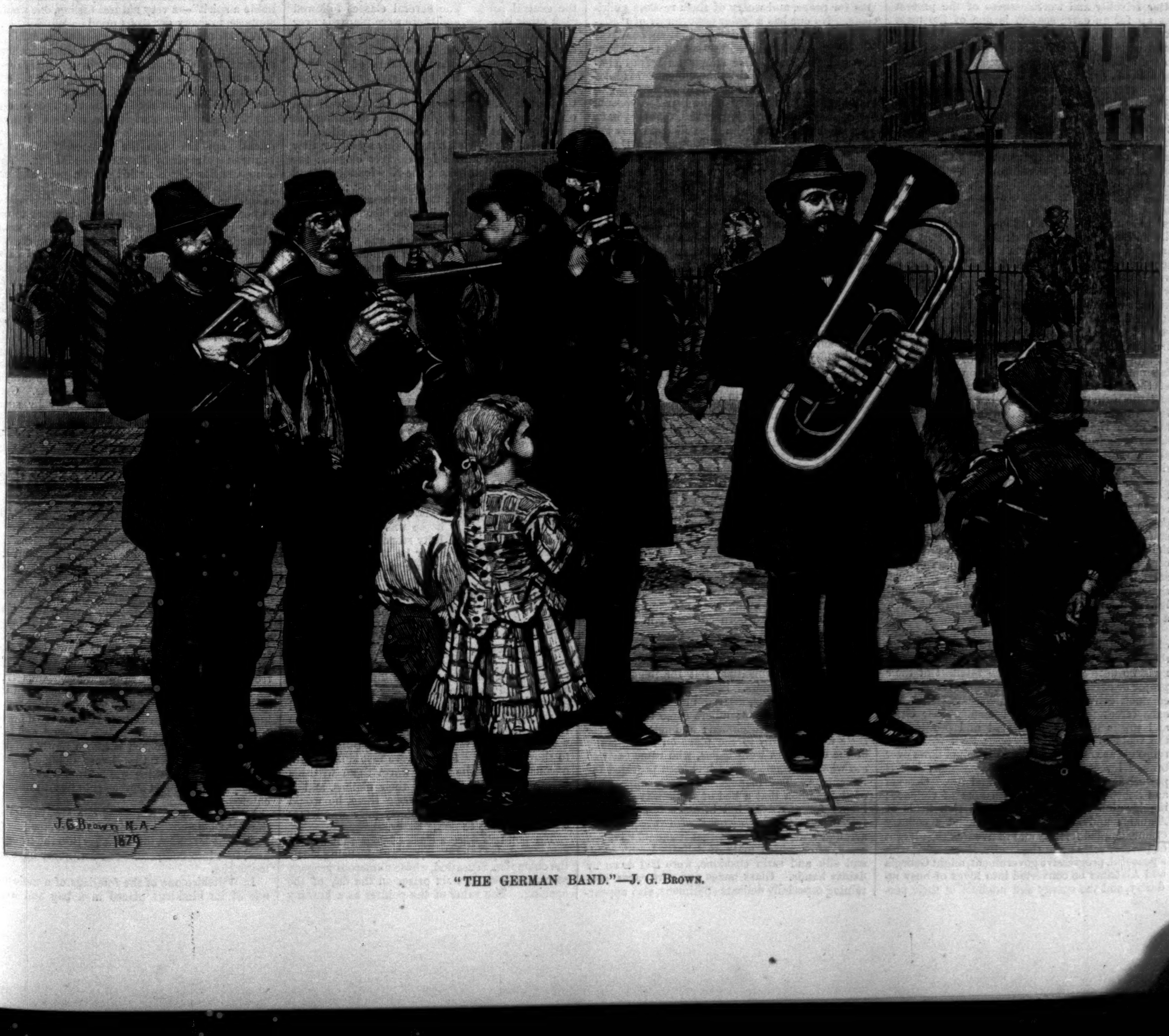


"AN ARAB CARAVANSARY."—Samuel Colman.

THE ACADEMY.

We select for our Academy illustrations this week two entirely dissimilar subjects—one a drowsy Oriental scene, full of warmth and sunlight; the other, an incident of street life in New York. Mr. **Samuel Colman**, to whom we are indebted for the first, began his artistic career in this city. He was fond of wandering along the docks, watching and sketching ships, boats, and steamers, and soon acquired great facility in this kind of work. He subsequently applied himself successfully to landscape painting, and achieved a high reputation by his faithful and imaginative delineations of certain phases of American scenery. Mr. **Colman** has made several journeys abroad, spending much time in Spain and the northern provinces of Africa. The cities and landscape of Spain, so full of ancient associations and picturesque material, made a profound impression on his imagination, and some of his grandest and most beautiful works were inspired by them. No American artist has entered more fully into the spirit of Spanish scenery, or has been more successful in reproducing it on canvas. The light, the warmth, the semi-Oriental character of the architecture of the cities where Moorish civilization once bore sway, and where its influence is still apparent, have found in Mr. **Colman** a most sympathetic interpreter. He seems to be quite as much at home among the Arabs of Northern Africa. There must be something peculiarly attractive to artists in the picturesque scenery and in the people of those regions, especially to those who have passed their youth in America, where every thing is new, and where the grand and beautiful in nature are rarely associated with poetic memories. Material progress, the characteristic feature of this country, is no doubt a grand thing for the human race, but it inevitably destroys the picturesque; and we can not wonder that so many of our artists go to the Old World in search of inspiration and material. Mr. **Colman's** picture from which our engraving is made is numbered 252 in the catalogue, and it hangs in the East Room of the Academy.

Mr. **J. G. Brown** is well known as a *genre* painter of fine talents, whose pictures always possess a pleasing quality that makes them popular. His "Dress Parade," recently mentioned in the *Weekly*, is one of the best of his compositions—a genuine study from life, full of character and humor, not unmixed with pathos for those who look below the surface of the street boy's existence. The painting from which our engraving is made is also a faithful study from the streets of New York. The German bands are becoming a feature here, and there can be no doubt in the minds of our citizens that if we are to be compelled to listen to music whether we will or no, at almost any hour of the day or evening, the brass-band is a great improvement on the Italian hand-organ. To say nothing of the superior strains of music to which they give expression, there is rarely any likelihood that more than one band will play on a single block at one and the same time, whereas three or four organ-grinders may inflict their discordant airs at once upon our agonized and frenzied ears. As we are not allowed to inflict personal chastisement on these disturbers of our peace, we ought to be protected by a stringent municipal regulation prohibiting any organ-grinder from playing twice on the same round within ear-shot of the same house, or to play at all within sound of a fellow-musician. The picture which forms the text of these reflections hangs in the South Room of the Academy, and is numbered 363 in the catalogue. It is a very striking example of the artist's talents. The several members of the band are well individualized, and the grouping of the musicians and the little audience of street children is effectively managed.



"THE GERMAN BAND."—J. G. Brown.

SOUTHERN POLITICIANS.

Just as the country was congratulating itself upon the prospect of a period of unusual commercial ease and progress, when trade should be left to its own prosperous course, and when every thing foretold a quick revival, it was suddenly surprised by the prospect of an extra session of Congress. Nothing was less desired by the industrial and intelligent classes of the nation. If left to themselves, they would soon have recovered from the lingering ills of a disastrous panic. They would have recovered from them sooner had they not been exposed to the constant uncertainties of the political and financial legislation of the last Congress, to the fanciful projects of enthusiastic men who hoped to grow rich by a boundless issue of paper money, of depreciated silver, to the countless claims upon the impoverished Treasury, and the revolutionary tendencies of the Democratic majority. Yet all this, it was hoped, would soon pass away after the dissolution, and trade resume its usual course. The fanciful speculator might no longer be able to fix his visions upon the attention of the people by the aid of a solid South; the credit of the nation, the hopes of the merchant and farmer, could no longer be put in peril by the unscrupulous union of a few Northern Democrats with the whole united herd of Southern politicians; for eight months there would be no more assaults upon the national Treasury; the Southern war claims were suppressed, and the rebels of the past would no longer hope to be paid for their rebellion by the honest and the loyal; the majority in the last Congress, elected in large part by unlawful means, and representing only a minority of the voters of the country, would no longer be able to disturb by its imperious policy the peace of the nation, and shake the government by its ceaseless assaults upon some of its surest defenses. Reasonable men hoped that the Southern leaders would be restrained by their Northern allies from any violent or unusual projects, that the wishes of all the intelligent and industrial classes would be consulted, and a period of rest from political excitement be extended by the common consent of both parties over the whole country.

This expectation has been disappointed; the Southern leaders have thrown the nation once more into a general political agitation; even the summer is to know no rest from the noisy harangues of the gentlemen from Texas and Mississippi. If it is no longer the sacredness of the "institution" that they are now to discuss, if slavery seems almost a thing forgotten, if the endless controversies of 1850 or 1860 are no longer to be heard, and the empty and poisonous rhetoric that defended human bondage, the slave-trade, the slave gang, is silenced and forgotten, we are at least to be gratified with a flood of declamation on the rights and immunities of the States just emerging from their rebellion. The utter frivolity and worthlessness of the pretext set up for an extra session is one of the most striking traits of the time. Had Congress been summoned to provide some new facilities for trade, to aid honest business men, discuss questions in agriculture, provide a national education, cultivate commerce, or even establish a quarantine against the Southern pestilence, there would at least have seemed something practical in its aims; it would not have been altogether absurd and barbarous. Instead of this, the only question raised is that the government shall not appoint inspectors with full powers at elections. A motion wholly political is used to agitate the country. The Southern members demand that the nation shall no longer see that its elections are carried on with fairness and good order; to drive the national inspectors from the polls they call an extra session of Congress. To insure the success of that policy of bribery and intimidation which has raised them to a temporary power they wish to be allowed to carry on their elections without witnesses and without interference. The story of the Southern elections for the past ten years has been one shocking to every friend of freedom and humanity. It is not possible to find a State or county, scarcely a town or village, that has not beheld some cruel violation on the part of the Southern politicians of the Constitution and the rights of man. The law is already too feeble to insure the protection of the citizen; a far more rigid rule is required to enforce the latest constitutional amendments, and secure to all the right of suffrage. But even the frail barriers already set up against oppression and tyranny the Southern leaders are resolved to tear away. For this they call Congress together, for this they condemn the country to an indefinite period of political agitation. Trade must stop, the laborer suffer, the industrial interests of three-fourths of the nation feel a material check, because the recent rebels of Georgia or South Carolina are resolved to fix still more firmly their tyranny over their own working-men, to control votes by unlawful means, and make every Southern election a mockery of the right of suffrage.

The Southern politicians of the ruling caste are of all politicians the most absurd. They have no thought of progress, no projects of national usefulness, no desire to cultivate the intellect of their people or extend over their decaying section those common conveniences and advantages that science offers to the educated man. Their cities and towns are left unsewered and pestilential, the seats of perpetual disease; their roads and railroads are neglected; the Mississippi flows over broken levees and deserted plantations; law is powerless to protect property and life. Georgia and South Carolina teem with acts of violence; immigration turns away from the rich fields of Alabama and Louisiana; and amidst a country of unexampled fertility and native wealth, a blight of poverty rests upon the land. How easily, with a peaceful, progressive government, might Georgia and Alabama be converted into hives of busy industry, and the energy and intellect of their people spring up together! How soon would an intelligent administration change the whole face of the South! how easily might a tolerant and just one insure rest and progress to all its people! But this is never the aim of the Southern politician. He seems to forget that there is a people to be benefited, a country to be educated and improved. To his own section he brings only a ceaseless succession of disasters. He leaves behind him fear, violence, hate, the malediction of the poor, the deserted plantations of Georgia, the flying laborers of Louisiana—a land wasted by the ravages of a war kindled by his own stupid bigotry. His only aim in politics is despotic power. He has abandoned in adversity none of his prejudices. His knowledge seems only abridged by the lessons of defeat. He would fix his rule over the North. Having ruined his own section of the country, he has a malicious hatred for all the others. He proposes to reign over New York as he reigns at Charleston, and cover with his reactionary doctrines and practices the liberal West. It is easy to see that a continued rule of this class of Southern politicians would bring with it the decay of education, knowledge, liberal manners, polished arts, and crush the people with an intolerable burden.

It is time, indeed, for the people to see that they are in real peril. The Southern politician is secretive, and has a definite aim, remorseless in his measures, persistent in his designs. The man who would carry elections by violence in South Carolina would be still more ready to carry them in the same way in New York; the repudiator, revolutionist, the destroyer of his own section, would show little tenderness for the welfare and rights of freemen any where. The Southern politician of this class is dangerous, and must be looked upon with constant suspicion. He is a tiger to be chained and muzzled; and the longer this process is put off, the more difficult must prove its execution. Nothing but a general union of the people of the North will now have any effect upon these unscrupulous agitators, and only in a close and united party can the Republicans and the Unionists once more save their country. The people of the North have forgotten politics. Occupied with their factories and farms, their railroads, improvements, they have neglected their duty as citizens. The enemy has stolen upon them in their slumber. Already he rules the government. Should he continue to control it, their factories and farms, their railroads and improvements, will prove of little value, and the danger to the country can only be estimated by the height of prosperity from which it must fall.

Three Republican members of Congress alone are left from the great district of country recently in rebellion. Yet one of these, in a vivid, daring speech, asserts that throughout all the conquered States there is still a Republican majority, that with free elections it would drive from office the disloyal and violent, that the people are anxious for peace, and weary of their restless politicians. No one has a better opportunity of studying the wants, the condition, of that section than Mr. Houk. He is almost the last of the Republicans at the South. He stands on a frail eminence, still unconquered by the violent inroads of rebellious storms. It is certainly encouraging to be told that the majority of the Southern people are opposed to their present rulers, that they have been driven by force from the polls, and may yet rebel against the policy of Toombs and Davis. It is mortifying to believe that ours is the only country, nominally a free one, that is ruled by violence, in which a savage and cruel minority has seized upon the chief control of a great people, that the majority in Congress have no more right to their seats than a band of usurpers and outlaws. It seems that our government has ceased to be a free one. Eugene Lawrence.

THE DOG SHOW.

"The dog possesses many a good
And useful quality and virtue too.
Attachment never to be weaned or changed
By any change of fortune; proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, or neglect.
Fidelity that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favors, lasting as the life
And glistening even in the dying eye."

The dog has always been a popular animal in every country; but in America, where comparatively little attention is paid to sporting interests, he has been less highly considered than abroad. Of late, however, the annual exhibitions given under the management of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Gilmore's Garden, have awakened a fresh and positively enthusiastic interest in the canine race. This was made evident by the large number of persons who visited the recent show, of which we give a double-page view, and also by the increased number and variety of the animals placed on exhibition. Many of these were, of course, importations from England and Europe, but a large number of rare and interesting specimens were born and bred in our own country.

The manner in which the dogs were forwarded to Gilmore's Garden plainly indicated their walk in life, and the solicitude felt for them on the part of their owners. Some of them, followed by their attendants, arrived in express wagons from railway stations; others came in carriages driven by liveried coachmen; and not a few made their way modestly to the place on foot. Many of the exhibitors were ladies, who came early to see what accommodations had been provided for their pets. The management were apparently of the opinion that a bed of straw was sufficient luxury for any dog; but in not a few cases the fair owners were displeased with this primitive arrangement, and ordered that it should be taken away, after which mats of delicate lamb's-wool, and silk and satin cushions, were laid down by dainty hands. Glass boxes and wire cages, containing especially delicate specimens, also appeared occasionally among the rougher accommodations supplied, showing the advantages that accrue even to dogs from being so fortunate as to appeal to aristocratic sensibilities. The boxes of many of the larger dogs were tastefully draped, so as to afford their occupants a harmonious background. That of St. Laurent—a black-and-tan setter, valued at $200—was made gorgeous by folds of maroon bunting. Wreaths of evergreen appeared here and there over the cages, while in the case of some of the smaller dogs ribbons of all colors were employed in the way of decoration.

The view of Gilmore's Garden in the centre of our double page will give our readers an admirable idea of the scene presented by the great Dog Show; but nothing will convey to those who did not attend it any notion of one of the most conspicuous features of the entertainment, and the one that produced the greatest impression on the visitor as he entered. This was the terrible chorus of canine voices, the notes of which included every whine and howl that ever issued from a dog's throat, and ranged in a hideous gamut from the sharp bark of the pet terrier to what is poetically called the "deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay." Whatever may have taken place at the Tower of Babel, no sounds that ever came from human creatures could compare with the awful tumult arising from this congregation of one thousand dogs. It was only when the ears had become somewhat accustomed to the terrible infliction that it was possible to obtain any idea of the exhibition. The stalls were arranged in a treble row round the ellipse in the interior of Gilmore's Garden, as they were on the occasion of the last dog show; but this time it was necessary to extend the rows as far as possible on each side, in order to provide accommodation for the increased number of dogs that had been entered. An additional double row of stalls was also built down the centre of the floor. Here were the "miscellaneous" dogs, and some of the larger animals for which room could not be found on the sides. At the Fourth Avenue end of the additional row a draped platform was erected. On this the non-sporting dogs were judged; and here, also, Professor Parker's trained troupe gave three exhibitions daily, two in the afternoon and one in the evening. At the other end stood the managers' office—a roofless camping cottage, painted slate-color—and beyond it was built a judging ring for the sporting dogs. It was inclosed in a neat wooden fence, and the floor was sprinkled with sawdust. The superintendent's office was in the rustic cottage on the right of the Madison Avenue entrance. The boxes on the Twenty-sixth Street side contained displays of guns, fishing tackle, and sporting goods generally. The stalls were all numbered, beginning on the left inner row from the Madison Avenue side, and running clear around in a sort of spiral until the three rows were completed, and then running up and down the central rows. The several classes followed each other in order, and there were placards over the centre of each division, giving the number of the class and the name of the breed.

It will be noticed that our view of Gilmore's Garden is surrounded by a galaxy of canine specimens. These are not portraits, but designed to illustrate a few of the more marked varieties of dogs. It is, of course, impossible to distinguish with any great clearness among the manifold variations of the species, but, roughly speaking, they may be divided into a few distinct classes: the Spaniels, to which belong the Newfoundland and the King Charles, the water-spaniel, etc.; the Mastiff and its congeners; the Greyhounds; the Terriers; the Hounds, including the blood-hound, fox-hound, deer-hound, pointer, setter, etc.; the Poodles, including the Pomeranian; and some of not less marked character, as the Bull-dog, the Pug, etc. Among the spaniels none are more interesting than the Newfoundland and the St. Bernard dogs. Of the latter there were several beautiful specimens at the show. The chief points which distinguish a thorough-bred St. Bernard are: head large and majestic; eyes deeply set, with a crease between them, which gives to the countenance something of a mastiff character; lips pendulous; coat hard, smooth, and fleecy; tail bushy, and carried gayly; gait stately; feet round and arched, toes broad, and shape symmetrical throughout. It is impossible to escape being familiar with the stories told of these dogs; and travellers who have been in Switzerland are not likely to have left it without having visited all that remains of the famous "Barry." In the museum at Berne his stuffed skin may be seen, and there he stands with bottle and collar about his neck, as if ready to start upon the mission of his useful life. His home was the convent of St. Bernard, amid the lofty summits of the Alps. There in pleasant weather he was wont to roll about and play in the porch with his fellows, as jolly as any dog. But when the storms came on and rough weather set in, Barry nerved himself for the serious business of life. With a little basket of meat and drink tied around his neck, and a warm blanket strapped upon his back, he set out in search of lost travellers in those fearful passes. Never a fall of snow so heavy or a fog so thick but that Barry could find his way, and his keen scent could discover a traveller at a great distance. If they were not too benumbed to walk, the noble fellow refreshed them with the food he had brought, and gladly parted with his warm cloak, and went bounding joyfully onward to show the way. If they were fast sinking into unconsciousness, he would warm them with his breath and tongue, pull at their clothes, and if all his efforts failed to arouse them, he would dash off for other help. Forty poor wanderers owed their lives to noble Barry.

The pointers were a class of dogs that figured conspicuously at the show, their ranks being led by the champion, Sensation, whose numerous progeny scored no less than six prizes on the day of the opening. The value of the pointer as a hunting dog is too thoroughly acknowledged to need comment. When well trained, its intelligence is almost marvellous. Its scent being very acute, the pointer gently approaches the spot where the game lies. At length it stops, and fixing its eyes steadily upon its prey, stands with one foot commonly raised a little above the ground and the tail extending in a straight line. So firmly is the habit of pointing fixed in some dogs that an English artist, Mr. Gilpin, is said to have painted a brace of pointers while in the act, and that they stood for an hour and a quarter without moving. It is also related of a pointer that while accompanying a shooting party she proceeded to a wall, leaped on it, but apparently got her leg fastened among the stones, and thus remained until the gentlemen came up. Upon examination it was found that the intelligent creature had got the scent of some partridges on the opposite side of the wall, and fearing lest her rude appearance in the adjoining field should flush them before the sportsmen were within shooting distance, she suspended herself by her fore-paws until they came up. The moment, however, she was satisfied that the sportsmen understood her *ruse*, she leaped into the field, and the game was thus secured.

The palm for ugliness at all dog shows must certainly be carried off by the bull-dog. The least intelligent and most brutal of its species, the depressed forehead, underhanging jaw, and blood-shot eyes unite in making him one of the most hideous of beasts. Yet even the bull-dog figures in rhyme, and is made to point a moral regarding perseverance and tenacity:

"Stick to your aim; the mongrel's fang will slip,
But only crowbars loose a bull-dog's grip.
Small as he seems, the cur that never yields
Brings down the towering monarch of the fields."

Although capable of some attachment, the bull-dog can not be relied upon as a friend. So utterly without intellect is its courage that it will attack any thing that gives offense. This dog has never been a pet in the United States; but in England, among a large class of citizens, it is carefully raised, and was formerly employed in bull-baits—exhibitions that find no parallel for brutality in any other country. In these bull-baits the dog, while fastened to the nose of some unfortunate bull, has had one leg after another cut off with a knife, to test its courage; and this display has been hailed by the plaudits of the "rural population," and by the encouragement of the scions of the nobility! History relates that Alexander once witnessed a bull-dog attack a tamed lion, and being willing to save the lion's life, ordered the dog to be taken off, "but the labor of men and all their strength was too little to loosen those ireful and deep-biting teeth." The dog was then mutilated by its keeper after the English fashion, and not only its limbs, but its body, were severed from the head; "whereat the king was wonderfully moved, and sorrowfully repented his rashness in destroying a beast of so noble a spirit"—a very natural feeling, one would suppose, to every generous mind.

A word must be said for the pet dogs, not but what this favored class may be said to include specimens of all sizes and shapes; but the favorites among the ladies are undoubtedly the King Charles, the Skye, and the infinitesimal black-and-tan. The first has received much of its celebrity from the fact that it was a great favorite with the merry monarch Charles II., and frequently appears upon the pictures of the court beauties painted by Kneller and Lely. The King Charles dog is nothing but a pet; and beyond its silken ears, lustrous eyes, and soft covering, has nothing to recommend it, as it possesses none of the intelligent traits so peculiar to the larger representatives of its species. The main attraction of the Skye is its wonderfully developed coat. The true Skye should have its ears, legs, and tail all merging in one mass, with the exception of the tip of the latter and the ends of its feet. In a well-coated specimen the eyes are only to be guessed at, and the nose is often obscured, but generally they are each more or less visible on inspection. The Scotch, the Dandy Dinmont, and the toy terriers were well represented at the recent Show, and claimed the attention of the lady visitors while their male attendants were admiring the larger animals. Over one cage, recently tenanted probably by some spoiled darling whose life was made a sacrifice to sweet cakes and feminine caresses, there appeared the melancholy word "Dead."

CHARMS AGAINST TOOTHACHE.

The inhabitants of Stamfordham, England, have been accustomed to walk to Winter's gibbet, on Elsdon Moor, some ten or twelve miles off, for a splinter of wood to cure the toothache. How the wood was to be applied we are not told, but the remedy sounds almost as ghastly as that resorted to for the same purpose at Tavistock, in Devonshire—biting a tooth out of a skull in the church-yard, and keeping it always in the pocket. This last belief is also current in Durham. In Hampshire it is believed that if a molar tooth be taken from some grave in the church-yard and carried hung round the neck, the toothache will be effectually kept away. In the Netherlands it is said that rubbing a tooth with a bone from the church-yard is an infallible cure. An instance is known of a person in Dublin who went to a grave-yard with a sharp-pointed piece of wood, and with the aching tooth pushed it into a newly covered grave, in the belief that by so doing the pain would cease. Drinking water from a skull is in some parts of Ireland supposed to be an infallible cure.

In Sussex they say that if one always clothes the right leg first—*i. e.*, puts the right stocking on before the left, puts the right leg into the trousers first, foot into boot, etc.—one will never have the toothache.

In Wiltshire one of the fore-legs of a mole and one of its hind-legs, placed in a bag and hung round the neck, is considered a certain preventive. In Staffordshire and Shropshire two paws of a live mole must be cut off and worn, a dexter paw being cut off if the toothache is on the right side, and *vice versa*. A gypsy cure, unlike the last in its barbarity, but similar in one way, consists in placing a poultice of finely scraped horse-radish on the wrist of the right hand if the aching tooth be on the left side of the mouth, and *vice versa*, and the pain will at once cease. In a MS. preserved at Stockholm the following charm is found: "Take an erbe y^t is clepyd bursa pastoris, and if y^e ache of y^e teeth be in y^e ryth syde of y^e mowth, putte y^e foreseyde erbe in y^e lefte scho be y^e bare plante of y^e foths."

The parings of finger and toe nails, wrapped in a piece of paper, and slipped into the trunk of an ash-tree through an incision under the bark, closed up afterward as much as possible, is believed in in Rossendale as a sure preventive. In Gloucestershire, if all the nails are cut on the hands and feet before sunrise on Good-Friday, and put into a piece of paper and kept in the pocket, it is believed the charm will be effectual.

There is a wide-spread belief in many parts of the world that a worm in the tooth or jawbone is the cause of toothache. Shakspeare, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, makes Don Pedro say:

> What, sigh for the toothache?
> *Leon.* Where is but a humor or a worm.

In Orkney and other parts of Scotland this belief is prevalent, and in Orkney the charm anent St. Peter is used. In Lancashire and Derbyshire the belief is also common, and those in the latter county who wish to be cured should mix a little dry powdered herbs, and place them in a teacup, into which a live coal from the fire should be dropped. Then hold the mouth over the cup and inhale the smoke as long as possible. After this the cup should be taken away, and a fresh one, or a glass containing water, brought in, into which one should breathe hard for a few seconds, when, lo! the worm will be seen in the water, and the cure is complete. The country people in Germany favor this belief, and in North Germany, according to Thorpe, "when a person has the toothache, let him go and complain to a tree, by preference to a pear-tree. This is to be done by taking hold of the tree, going thrice around it, and saying:

> "'Pear-tree, I complain to thee,
> Three worms sting me;
> The one is gray, the second is blue, the third is red,
> I would wish they were all three dead.
> In the name,' etc."

In New Zealand the superstition is also believed, and a charm for the occasion is thus translated:

> "An eel, a spiny back,
> True indeed, indeed: true in sooth, in sooth:
> You must eat the head
> Of said spiny back."

The dentists in China pretend to cure the toothache by showing a small worm which they manage to palm off upon their patients.

The people of Carnarvonshire and other parts of Wales recommend the following cure for the toothache: Let the patient fill his mouth with cold water and sit on a griddle placed over the fire for the purpose, and remain seated there until the water boils in his mouth. Which is, of course, impossible, and therefore intended to show the impossibility of attempting to cure the complaint which never yet philosopher—and how much less an ordinary unthinking mortal—could endure patiently.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday, 27.—Second Sunday after Easter.

The commemoration on the 7th of April of the ninety-ninth return of the birthday of **William Ellery Channing** has led to the determination to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birth, on the 7th of April, 1880. **Channing**'s fame has passed far beyond the bounds of the Unitarian body, of which he was long a leader. His Unitarianism was of so mild a type that his memory is revered almost as much by orthodox as by liberal Christians. His lofty conception of the essential dignity of human nature carried with it, as its consequence, a detestation of whatever wronged our common manhood. His delicate sense of right gave him an intuitive perception in questions of morals. It is proposed to build by next year a memorial chapel at Newport, Rhode Island, his birth-place. Newport was also **Channing**'s summer home; here, too, he spent much of his early manhood, meditating the hard questions of theology as he strolled along the sea-shore.

The anniversary meetings of the great national charitable societies will be held again in the Broadway Tabernacle. The following is the order in which they occur: Sunday, May 4, American Home Missionary Society, at 7.30 P.M. Monday, May 5, American Seaman's Friend Society, 7.30 P.M. Tuesday, May 6, New York Sunday-school Association, 4 P.M.; American Sunday-school Union, 7.30 P.M. Wednesday, May 7, American Female Guardian Society, 3.30 P.M.; American Tract Society, 7.30 P.M. Thursday, May 8, New York City Mission, 3.30 P.M.; American Bible Society, 7.30 P.M. Friday, May 9, Deaf and Dumb Institute, 3.30 P.M.; National Temperance Society, 7.30 P.M. Sunday, May 11, American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 7.30 P.M. It is thought that a greater interest will be taken in these anniversaries this year than has been known for several years past.

The installation of the Rev. **James Whiton**, of Massachusetts, as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Newark, New Jersey, brought up once more the question how far Congregationalists will tolerate, in their pastors, speculative views of the future destiny of impenitent men. Dr. **Whiton** has published an essay with the title, "Is Future Punishment Endless?" He holds the opinion that those who have ignorantly rejected Christianity may be "restored" after death to an endless felicity, and with this the theory of the annihilation of the incorrigibly wicked in a future world. The Council—Dr. **Noah Porter**, president of Yale, being in the chair—entered into a thorough examination of the candidate, and finally approved his installation by a vote of twenty-nine to three. Some of the Council who voted for Dr. **Whiton** at the same time expressed their dissent from him, but did not consider his variance from Congregational standards sufficient to warrant a denial of fellowship.

The Pope has refused to receive the resignation of Archbishop **Purcell**; the archbishop is, however, authorized to name a coadjutor, who will have the right of succession.

It has been usually assumed that Methodist ministers can not sue their congregations for unpaid salaries. The Discipline of their Church expressly forbids the reckoning of a debt of a congregation to a pastor as a legal claim collectable by process of law. This peculiarity of Methodism grows out of the practice of *sending* ministers to congregations without any prior contract. Recently, however, the congregations have exercised a right of choice, and have made engagements with pastors at stipulated salaries. In a suit of the Rev. Mr. **Landers** against the Front Street Methodist Church, Rochester, New York, for $800 of salary due him, the jury rendered a verdict for $1063. The judge held that if the trustees of the church had made a contract with the pastor outside of the Discipline, it could be enforced. This is both good sense and good law. A church, as any other corporation, should pay the money it has agreed to pay.

One valuable result of British ascendency in the councils of Turkey is the appointment of **Midhat Pasha**, the reforming statesman, Governor-General of Syria. He enters upon the duties of his office with the distinct purpose of carrying out the reforms provided for by the treaty between the Sultan and England. His arrival at Beyrout was signalized by great rejoicings. If Syria can be assured a good government, it will greatly prosper.

The trial of the Rev. Dr. T. **De Witt Talmage** before the Brooklyn Presbytery on the charge of falsehood is likely to be protracted. As might be expected, the proceedings have revealed bitternesses which had better been left to die out of the memories of men. The defense has been conducted by Dr. **Spear** and his associate with great skill, and in both direct and cross examination painful scenes have occurred.

The Baptists have lost by death one of their largest contributors to the cause of education, **Gardner Colby**, Esq., of Newton Centre, Massachusetts. He was one of the many examples in American life of a rapid rise from poverty to affluence by the well-directed application of business talents. One of his gifts was of the sum of $50,000 to Colby University, at Waterville, Maine, which bears his name. His numerous benefactions had placed him in the front rank of the Baptists of New England.

The amount of money coming to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions as the residuary legatee of the late Deacon **Asa Otis**, of New London, Connecticut, will be not $500,000, as recently stated, but $967,639. An inventory of the estate has shown its total value to be $1,124,939.

The "Anecdotal Photographs" of the London *Truth* are never wanting in plain speaking. That of Archbishop **Tait**, which appeared March 27, presents aspects of his character which are not well known to the general public. Speaking of a trip to Scotland by Dr. **Tait** on an excursion steamer, which came near being wrecked, *Truth* says: "No lives were lost, and no particular harm done, but an excessively dull night would have been spent by all the passengers had not Dr. **Tait** taken moral command of the party, and kept every body amused and cheerful by a supply of stories which seemed to be simply inexhaustible. He is an admirable *raconteur*....I should say that the chief fault of the primate is that he scarcely realizes the extraordinary dignity and splendor of his position. Not that he is undignified, far from it, but he is among archbishops what **Louis Philippe** was among kings. He is a *bourgeois* prelate." It does not fall to every prelate to have the grand manner of Bishop **Wilberforce**.

Petermann's *Mittheilungen* estimates the population of the world, according to religion, thus: Christians, 400,878,000; Jews, 7,931,000; Mohammedans, 103,453,000; Buddhists, 483,065,000; Brahmins, 139,500,000; Fetich worshippers, 189,000,000. Of the Christian population the divisions are estimated to be: Roman Catholics, 186,860,000; Greek Church, 82,926,000; Protestants, 131,094,000. The Protestant population of the world is usually reckoned at 100,000,000.

The resolutions of the meeting of Methodists held in Brooklyn the last of March, which asked for a modification of the itinerancy, were respectfully received by the New York Annual Conference at its session held in Newburgh during the first week of April. The resolutions ask for a removal of all restriction upon the duration of the pastoral term in the Methodist Episcopal Church. They admit, however, the value of the system of appointments renewed year by year. The New York Conference expressed an emphatic disapproval of an unlimited pastorate, but referred the subject to the laity for discussion.

Entirely opposite in their tenor are the resolutions on the itinerancy offered by a committee of the Newark Methodist Conference at its recent session in Port Jervis. They pledged the Conference to "render moral support to the presiding bishop and those associated with him in counsel in disregarding or annulling all contracts, agreements, arrangements, or understandings entered into between pastors and churches before the session of the Conference." The practice of such arrangements being already established, there was vigorous opposition to the adoption of these resolutions, and they were finally superseded by a substitute.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Zoological Museum of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg has lost one of its most active officers in the death, on the 18th of January, of M. **Valerian von Russow**, at the age of thirty-seven. This gentleman had just returned from a year's expedition to Turkestan and Samarcand, and died while engaged in preparing his report on the subject. He left an extended manuscript on the ornithology of Russia, and especially that of its eastern provinces.

Another recent death at St. Petersburg is that of Dr. N. **Jacubowitsch**, on the 31st of January. He was well known as Professor of Histology in the Medical Academy of St. Petersburg, and was associated with **Owsjannikow** in a critical investigation of the nervous system.

According to **Grimm**, the crustacean fauna of the Caspian Sea has a resemblance to that of Lakes Baikal and Titikaki, especially as to the richness of both in amphipods and to the nearly total want of decapods. In this respect, however, it is still more closely like that of the Arctic Ocean and Lake Aral. It is probable that at a recent epoch the Caspian Sea was in connection with all the bodies of water mentioned, and including the Black Sea, and that the connection of the Caspian with the Arctic Ocean and Lake Aral continued until a more recent period than that with the Black Sea.

Mr. **Artemas Martin**, a well-known American mathematician, has lately commenced the publication of a serial work entitled *The Mathematical Visitor*, appearing occasionally at intervals of several months. It is published by him at Erie, Pennsylvania, and shows a creditable spirit of enterprise in entering a field which is not generally considered remunerative.

English journals are unanimous in their expressions of regret at the death at Madeira on the 4th of March last of Professor W. K. **Clifford**. Although dying at the early age of thirty-four, Professor **Clifford** had already distinguished himself by his rare talent for mathematics, as well as for a remarkable capacity for bringing the most advanced scientific ideas within the range of ordinary knowledge.

At the time of his death he was Professor of Applied Mathematics and Mechanics at University College, London; but being for some time past in feeble health, his friends had raised funds to enable him to recuperate at Madeira, where unfortunately his decease took place as stated.

The danger of contamination of drinking water by its passage through lead pipes is well understood by sanitarians; and as it is difficult to replace this metal by any other for the purpose referred to, various devices have been adopted to render lead pipes innocuous. Among others, the introduction of a lining of block-tin has been found to possess many advantages.

A recent method, which is said to have proved quite successful in effecting this object, is by producing a lining of sulphide of lead. For this purpose a hot concentrated solution of sulphide of sodium is allowed to flow through the pipes for ten or fifteen minutes. This produces a glaze of sulphide of lead, which is said to be entirely insoluble, and to protect the pipe from any possible corrosion.

Professor **Henry C. Chapman**, of Philadelphia, has lately had an opportunity of dissecting a specimen of the gorilla, and after comparison with dissections of other species of anthropoid apes, he states that, in his opinion, no known monkey can be regarded as the ancestor of man in general, especially not the gorilla. He thinks that all the facts go to show that the different kinds of monkeys are the modified descendants of one ancestor, and that the different races of men have similarly descended from a common ancestor, and further that the ancestors of the monkeys and man had a common ancestry; that the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang, etc., are distantly related, man and monkeys being members of the same order, primates, and that there is no race of man, recent or fossil, or kind of monkey, now living or fossil, that will represent the primitive man or primitive monkey, still less the common ancestor of both.

This view, of course, is not at all new, but it is interesting to have it reproduced by Dr. **Chapman** as the result of recent investigation.

Mr. **Samuel H. Scudder** has lately published in the Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History an article on the early types of insects in paleozoic times. Among the more general conclusions are the following:

That with slight exceptions the hexapods, arachnids, and myriapods appeared simultaneously in the carboniferous period; the lower division of insects first appear as Devonian and carboniferous, and the higher, such as hymenoptera, lepidoptera, and diptera, in the Jurassic; the Devonian insects were, for the most part, aquatic in early life.

In general, all the early types were of inferior organization; the general type of winged insects has remained unaltered from the earliest times; with the exception of two species of coleoptera and one of orthoptera, the front and hind wings of paleozoic insects were similar to the present, the difference in the character of the wings first making its appearance in later times. Nearly all the earlier insects are large, many of them of gigantic size. There is a striking similarity between the carboniferous insects of Europe and those of North America.

A valuable manual of instruction for the treatment of the silk-worm and the production of silk has lately been published by the Department of Agriculture, being No. 11 of a series of special reports on subjects connected with agricultural matters. Professor **Riley**, the author, thinks there is a good prospect in the future for a large extension of the business of rearing silk-worms for the production of cocoons. He recommends that Congress be requested to make an appropriation to erect a small building on the grounds of the Department of Agriculture, in Washington, as a rearing establishment where reelers can be trained, and the cocoons, at first raised from eggs distributed by the Department, can be skillfully reeled, and the silk disposed of to manufacturers. He is quite confident that in this way, and by selling the cocoons and eggs to foreign establishments, a large and profitable industry may be fostered. Upon the whole, he thinks the sale of eggs to France and Italy offers the best results, and points to the fact that while in 1876 France paid about $25,000 for eggs produced in the United States, in 1877 the amount was no less than about $340,000.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

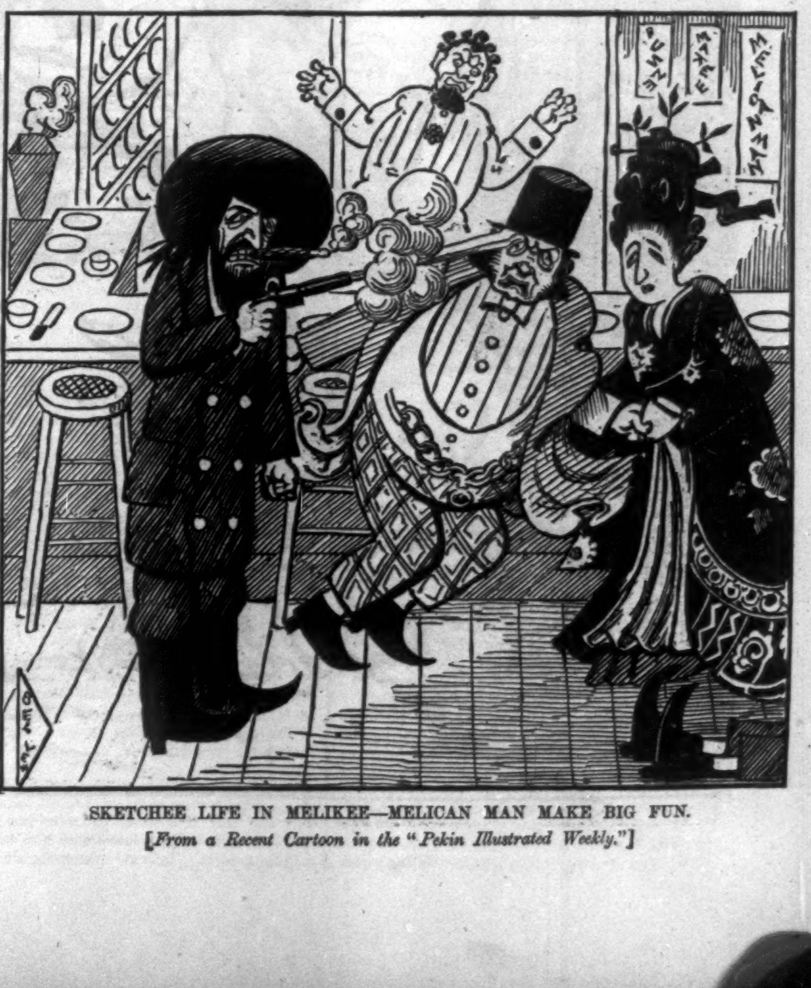
An Eastern man, accustomed to the luxuries to be had at Delmonico's, dropped into a restaurant in a Nevada mining town for dinner. The head waiter, who was also junior proprietor of the establishment, accosted him with, "Well, colonel, what 'll *you* have?" "Beefsteak and mushrooms," answered the "colonel," as "peart" as possible. "Guess not," said the waiter, who felt that he was being "guyed." "Guess not? Why not? Bring me a beefsteak with mushrooms right away." "Look here, stranger," said the waiter, "I don't want to make no trouble, yer know, but I don't allow no man to quarrel with his vittles in this ranch." With that he took a six-shooter from his hip pocket, cocked it, and holding it in a suggestive way, added, "*Hash* is what you're goin' to eat." The "colonel" had hash.

If the good all die early, why are the bad like the pupil of an eye?—Because they di-late.

He couldn't raise the mortgage on his building lot, and so, poor man, without becoming blind, he lost his site.

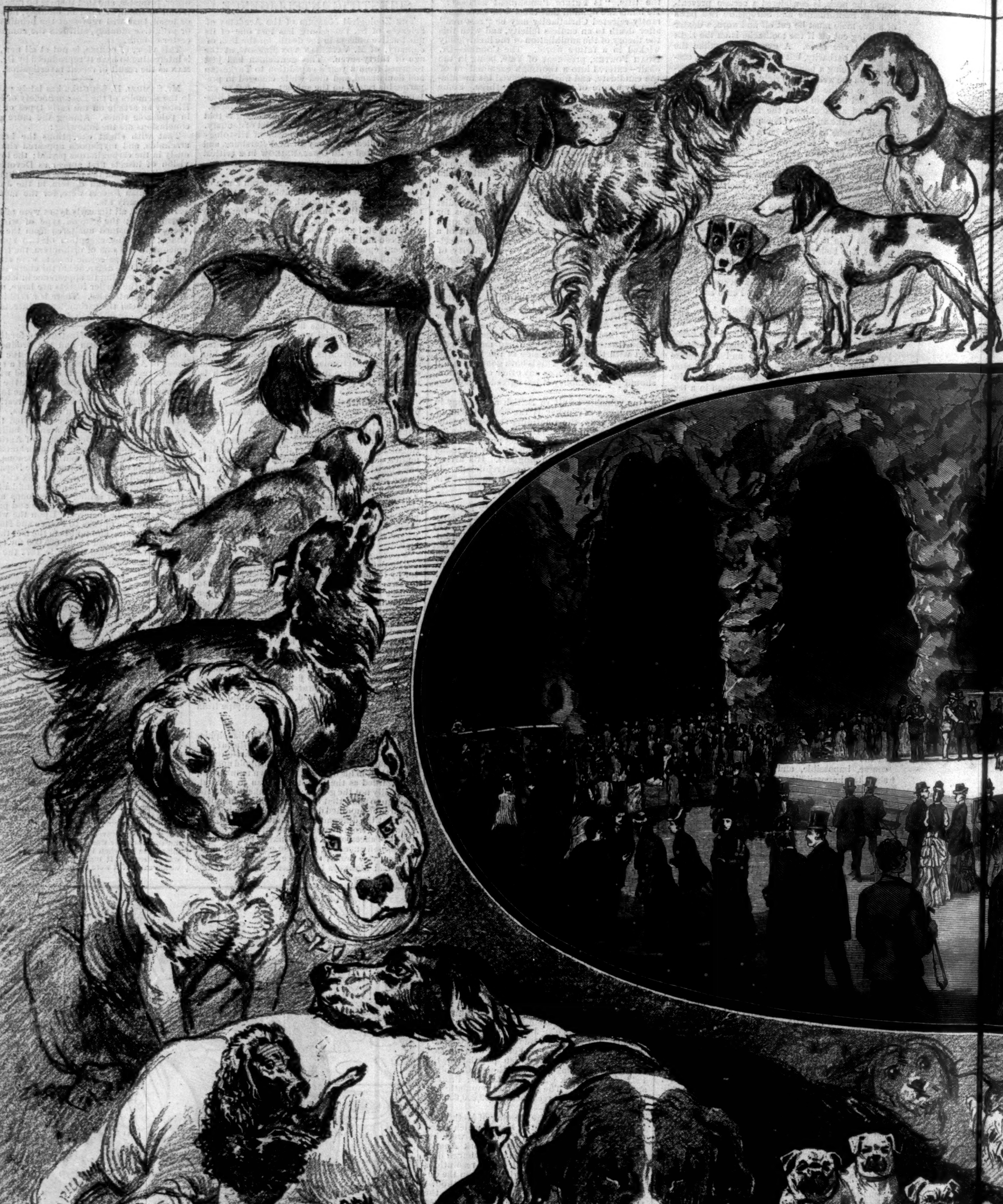
Facts speak for themselves. A woman's tongue is a severe fact.

A gentleman travelling on a Hudson River steamer, one day at dinner was making away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. "It matters not to me," said he; "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

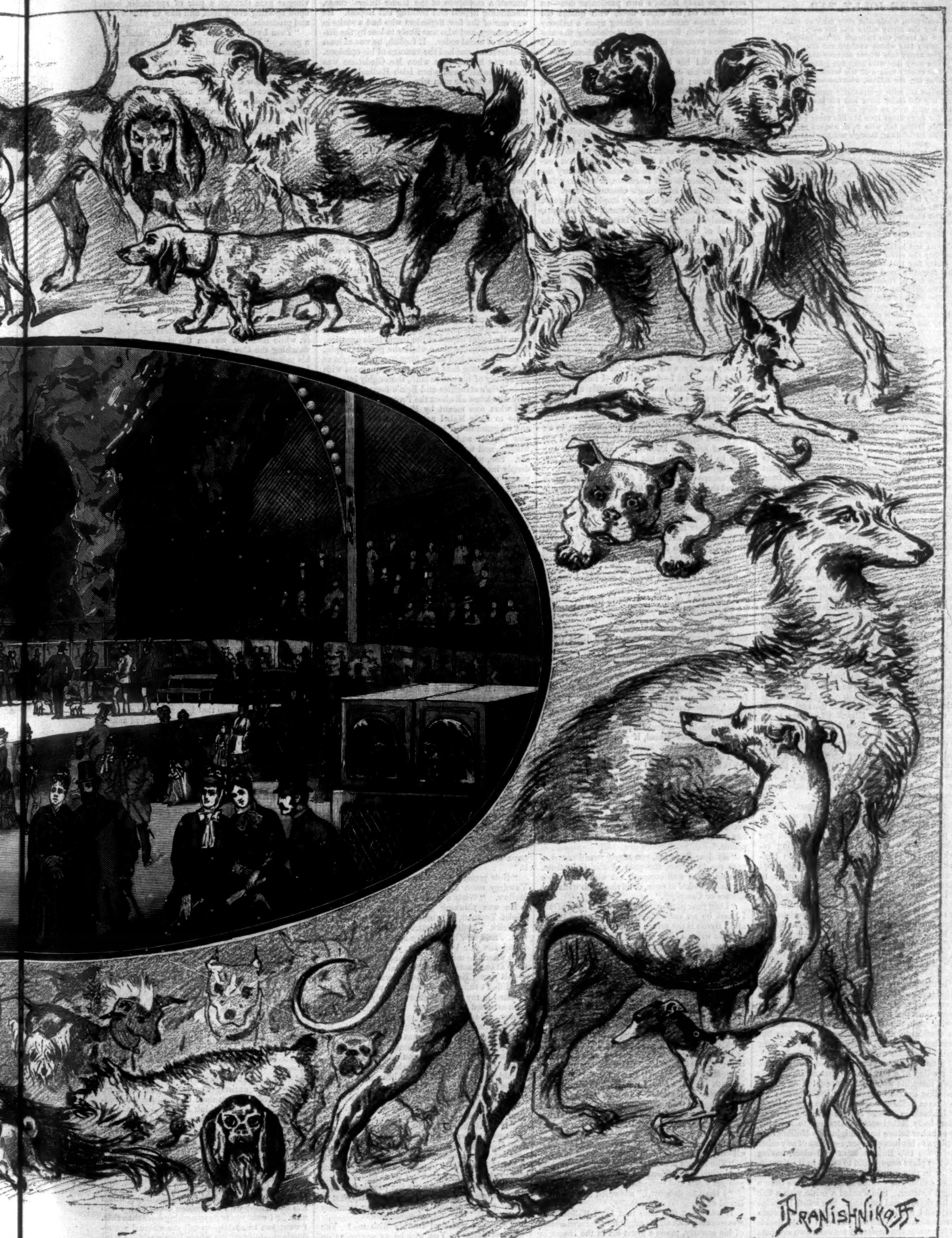


SKETCHEE LIFE IN MELIKEE—MELICAN MAN MAKE BIG FUN.

[*From a Recent Cartoon in the "Pekin Illustrated Weekly."*]



SKETCHES AT THE DOG SHOW AT GILMORE'S GARDEN


I. PRANISHNIKOFF.

GARDEN.—Drawn by Ivan Pranishnikoff.—[See Page 326.]

THE JOLLY TAR.

Good landsmen, whatsoe'er your rank or station,
Sing hey the merry sailor and his ship!—
The arm of trade, the bulwark of the nation,
The merry tars whose anchors are atrip—
The merry tars whose anchors are atrip;
The busy tars who man the gallant ship;
The cheery toilers of the stormy sea—
Sing hey for sailors, wheresoe'er they be!

Kind ladies all, with sympathetic motion,
Sing hey the sailor lover and his lass!
He loves with love as deep as is the ocean,
But far away from love his life must pass.
The loving tar, who ne'er forgets his lass;
The faithful tar, though months and years may pass;
The sailor true to one through change and strife—
Sing hey the loving sailor and his wife!

Gay citizens on land and free from danger,
Sing hey the gallant tar upon the sea!
'Tis for your wealth and comfort he's a ranger—
Sing hey the sailor and the stormy sea!—
The daring sailor on its stormy waves;
The stormy ocean full of sailors' graves;
The mighty highway to the lands afar—
Sing hey the ocean and the bold, brave tar!

Landsmen and ladies all, with proud emotion,
Sing hey the sailor and his starry flag!—
The starry flag that shines o'er every ocean,
That foeman's hand shall never downward drag!—
The flag of freedom, both in peace and strife
The proudest emblem of the sailor's life;
The glorious flag, upon the topmast high,
To which the dying sailor lifts his eye!
Landsmen and ladies all, where'er you be,
Sing hey the gallant sailor and the sea!

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LOVE AND ÆSTHETICS.

Spring had returned, primroses and violets were being sold at the street corners, Parliament was assembled, and London had re-awakened from its wintry hibernation to new life and vigor. The Dovedales were at their Kensington mansion. The duchess had sent forth her cards for alternate Thursday evenings of a quasi-literary and scientific character. Lady Mabel was polishing her poems with serious thoughts of publication, but with strictest secrecy. No one but her parents and Roderick Vawdrey had been told of these poetic flights. The book would be given to the world under a *nom de plume*. Lady Mabel was not so much a Philistine as to suppose that writing good poetry could be a disgrace to a duke's daughter; but she felt that the house of Ashbourne would be seriously compromised were the critics to find her guilty of writing doggerel; and critics are apt to deal harshly with the titled Muse. She remembered Brougham's savage onslaught upon the boy Byron.

Mr. Vawdrey was in town. He rode a good deal in the Row, spent an hour or so daily at Tattersall's, haunted three or four clubs of a juvenile and frivolous character, drank numerous bottles of Apollinaris, and found the task of killing time rather hard labor. Of course there were certain hours in which he was on duty at Kensington. He was expected to eat his luncheon there daily, to dine when neither he nor the ducal house had any other engagement, and to attend all his aunt's parties. There was always a place reserved for him at the dinner table, however middle-aged and politically or socially important the assembly might be.

He was to be married early in August. Every thing was arranged. The honey-moon was to be spent in Sweden and Norway—the only accessible part of Europe which Lady Mabel had not explored. They were to see every thing remarkable in the two countries, and to do Denmark as well, if they had time. Lady Mabel was learning Swedish and Norwegian, in order to make the most of her opportunities.

"It is so wretched to be dependent upon couriers and interpreters," she said. "I shall be a more useful companion for you, Roderick, if I thoroughly know the language of each country."

"My dear Mabel, you are a most remarkable girl," exclaimed her betrothed, admiringly. "If you go on at this rate, by the time you are forty you will be as great a linguist as Cardinal Wiseman."

"Languages are very easy to learn when one has the habit of studying them, and a slight inclination for etymology," Lady Mabel replied, modestly.

Now that the hour of publication was really drawing nigh, the poetess began to feel the need of a confidante. The duchess was admiring, but somewhat obtuse, and rarely admired in the right place. The duke was out of the question.

If a new Shakspeare had favored him with the first reading of a tragedy as great as *Hamlet*, the duke's thoughts would have wandered off to the impending dearth of guano, or the probable exhaustion of Suffolk punches, and the famous breed of Chillingham oxen. So, for want of any one better, Lady Mabel was constrained to read her verses to her future husband, just as Molière read his plays to his housekeeper, for want of any other hearer, the two Béjarts, aunt and niece, having naturally plays enough and to spare in the theatre.

Now in this crucial hour of her poetic career Mabel Ashbourne wanted something more than a patient listener. She wanted a critic with a fine ear for rhythm and euphony. She wanted a judge who could nicely weigh the music of a certain combination of syllables, and who could decide for her when she hesitated between two epithets of equal force but varying depths of tone.

To this nice task she invited her betrothed sometimes on a sunny April afternoon, when luncheon was over, and the lovers were free to repair to Lady Mabel's own particular den—an airy room on an upper floor, with quaint old Queen Anne casements opening upon a balcony crammed with flowers, and overlooking the umbrageous avenues of Kensington Garden, with a glimpse of the old red palace in the distance.

Rorie did his best to be useful, and applied himself to his duty with perfect heartiness and good temper; but luncheon and the depressing London atmosphere made him sleepy, and he had sometimes hard work to stifle his yawns, and to keep his eyes open, while Lady Mabel was deep in the entanglement of lines which soared to the seventh heaven of metaphysics. Unhappily Rorie knew hardly any thing about metaphysics. He had never read Victor Cousin or any of the great German lights, and a feeling of despair took possession of him when his sweetheart's poetry degenerated into diluted Hegelism, or rose to a feeble imitation of Browning's obscurest verse.

"Either I must be intensely stupid or this must be rather difficult to understand," he thought, helplessly, when Mabel had favored him with the perusal of the first act of a tragedy or poetic duologue, in which the hero, a kind of milk-and-watery Faustus, held converse and argued upon the deeper questions of life and faith with a very mild Mephisto.

"I'm afraid you don't like the opening of my 'Tragedy of the Skeptic Soul,'" Lady Mabel said, with a somewhat offended air, as she looked up, at the close of the act, and saw poor Rorie gazing at her with watery eyes, and an intensely despondent expression of countenance.

"I'm afraid I'm rather dense this afternoon," he said, with hasty apology. "I think your first act is beautifully written. The lines are full of music; nobody with an ear for euphony could doubt that. But I—forgive me—I fancy you are sometimes a shade too metaphysical; and those scientific terms which you occasionally employ, I fear will be a little over the heads of the general public."

"My dear Roderick, do you suppose that in an age whose highest characteristic is the rapid advance of scientific knowledge, there can be any body so benighted as not to understand the terminology of science?"

"Perhaps not, dear. I fear I am very much behind the times. I have lived too much in Hampshire. I frankly confess that some expressions in your—er—'Tragedy—of—er—Soulless Skept—Skeptic Soul'—were Greek to me."

"Poor dear Roderick, I should hardly take you as the highest example of the *Zeitgeist*; but I won't allow you to call yourself stupid. I'm glad you like the swing of the verse. Did it remind you of any contemporary poet?"

"Well, yes, I think it dimly suggested Browning."

"I am glad of that. I would not for worlds be an imitator; but Browning is my idol among poets."

"Some of his minor pieces are awfully jolly," said the incorrigible Rorie. "That little poem called 'Youth and Art,' for instance. And 'James Lee's Wife' is rather nice, if one could quite get at what it means. But I suppose that is too much to expect from any great poet?"

"There are deeper meanings beneath the surface—meanings which require study," replied Mabel, condescendingly. "Those are the religion of poetry—"

"No doubt," assented Rorie, hastily; "but frankly, my dear Mabel, if you want your book to be popular—"

"I don't want my book to be popular. Browning is not popular. If I wanted to be popular, I should have worked on a lower level. I would even have stooped to write a novel."

"Well, then, I will say if you want your poem to be understood by the average intellect, I really would sink the scientific terminology, and throw overboard a good deal of the metaphysics. Byron has not a scientific or technical phrase in all his poems."

"My dear Roderick, you surely would not compare me to Byron, the poet of the Philistines. You might as well compare me with the author of 'Lalla Rookh' at once, or advise me to write like Rogers or Campbell."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Mabel. I'm afraid I must be an out-and-out Philistine, for to my mind Byron is the prince of poets. I would rather have written 'The Giaour' than any thing that has ever been published since it appeared."

"My poor Roderick!" exclaimed Mabel, with a pitying sigh. "You might as well say you would be proud of having written *The Pickwick Papers*."

"And so I should!" cried Rorie, heartily. "I should think no end of myself if I had invented Winkle. Do you remember his ride from Rochester to Dingley Dell?—one of the finest things that was ever written."

And this incorrigible young man flung himself back in the low arm-chair, and laughed heartily at the mere recollection of that episode in the life of the famous Nathaniel. Mabel Ashbourne closed her manuscript volume with a sigh, and registered an oath that she would never read any more of her poetry to Roderick Vawdrey. It was quite useless. The poor young man meant well, but he was incorrigibly stupid—a man who admired Byron and Dickens, and believed Macaulay the first of historians.

"In the realm of thought we must dwell apart all our lives," Mabel told herself, despairingly.

"The horses are ordered for five," she said, as she locked the precious volume in her desk; "will you get yours and come back for me?"

"I shall be delighted," answered her lover, relieved at being let off so easily.

It was about this time that Lord Mallow, who was working with all his might for the regeneration of his country, made a great hit in the House by his speech on the Irish land question. He had been doing wonderful things in Dublin during the winter, holding forth to patriotic assemblies in the Round Room of the Rotunda, boldly declaring himself a champion of the Home Rulers' cause, demanding Repeal and nothing but Repeal. He was one of the few Repealers who had a stake in the country, and who was likely to lose by the disruption of social order. If foolish, he was at least disinterested, and had the courage of his opinions. This was in the days when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, and when Irish Radicals looked to him as the one man who could and would give them Home Rule.

In the House of Commons Lord Mallow was not ashamed to repeat the arguments he had used in the Round Room. If his language was less vehement at Westminister than it had been in Dublin, his opinions were no less thorough. He had his party here, as well as on the other side of the Irish Channel, and his party applauded him. Here was a statesman and a land-owner willing to give an ell, where Mr. Gladstone's Land Act gave only an inch. Hibernian newspapers sung his praises in glowing words, comparing him to Burke, Curran, and O'Connell. He had for some time been a small lion at evening parties; he now began to be lionized at serious dinners. He was thought much of in Carlton Gardens, and his name figured at official banquets in Downing Street. The Duchess of Dovedale considered it a nice trait in his character that, although he was so much in request, and worked so hard in the House, he never missed one of her Thursday evenings. Even when there was an important debate on he would tear up Birdcage Walk in a hansom, and spend an hour in the duchess's amber drawing-rooms, enlightening Lady Mabel as to the latest aspect of the Home Rule question, or standing by the piano while she played Chopin.

Lord Mallow had never forgotten his delight at finding a young lady thoroughly acquainted with the history of his native land, thoroughly interested in Erin's struggles and Erin's hopes; a young lady who knew all about the Protestants of Ulster, and what was meant by Fixity of Tenure. He came to Lady Mabel naturally in his triumphs, and he came to her in his disappointments. She was pleased and flattered by his faith in her wisdom, and was always ready to lend a gracious ear. She, whose soul was full of ambition, was deeply interested in the career of an ambitious young man—a man who had every excuse for being shallow and idle, and yet was neither.

"If Roderick were only like him there would be nothing wanting in my life," she thought, regretfully. "I should have felt such pride in a husband's fame, I should have worked so gladly to assist him in his career! The driest blue-books would not have been too weary for me—the dullest drudgery of Parliamentary detail would have been pleasant work, if it could have helped him in his progress to political distinctions."

One evening, when Mabel and Lord Mallow were standing in the embrasure of a window, walled in by the crowd of aristocratic nobodies and intellectual eccentricities, talking earnestly of poor Erin and her chances of ultimate happiness, the lady, almost unawares, quoted a couplet of her own, which seemed peculiarly applicable to the argument.

"Whose lines are those?" Lord Mallow asked, eagerly. "I never heard them before."

Mabel blushed like a school-girl detected in sending a valentine.

"Upon my soul," cried the Irishman, "I believe they are your own! Yes, I am sure of it. You, whose mind is so high above the common level, must sometimes express yourself in poetry. They are yours, are they not?"

"Can you keep a secret?" Lady Mabel asked, shyly.

"For you? Yes, on the rack. Wild horses should not tear it out of my heart; boiling lead, falling on me drop by drop, should not extort it from me."

"The lines are mine. I have written a good deal—in verse. I am going to publish a volume, anonymously, before the season is over. It is quite a secret. No one—except mamma and papa and Mr. Vawdrey—knows any thing about it."

"How proud they—how especially proud Mr. Vawdrey must be of your genius!" said Lord Mallow. "What a lucky fellow he is!"

He was thinking just at that moment of Violet Tempest, to whose secret preference for Roderick Vawdrey he attributed his own rejection. And now here, where again he might have found the fair ideal of his youthful dreams—here where he might have hoped to form an alliance at once socially and politically advantageous—this young Hampshire squire was before him.

"I don't think Mr. Vawdrey is particularly interested in my poetical efforts," Lady Mabel said, with assumed carelessness. "He doesn't care for poetry. He likes Byron."

"What an admirable epigram!" cried the Hibernian, to whom flattery was second nature. "I shall put that down in my commonplace-book when I go home. How I wish you would honor me—but it is to ask too much, perhaps—how proud I should be if you would let me hear, or see, some of your poems!"

"Would you really like—" faltered Lady Mabel.

"Like!—I should deem it the highest privilege your friendship could vouchsafe."

"If I felt sure it would not bore you, I should like much to have your opinion, your candid opinion" (Lord Mallow tried to look the essence of candor), "upon some things I have written. But it would be really to impose too much upon your good nature."

"It would be to make me the proudest, and—for that one brief hour at least—the happiest of men," protested Lord Mallow, looking intensely sentimental.

"And you will deal frankly with me? You will not flatter? You will be as severe as an Edinburgh reviewer?"

"I will be positively brutal," said Lord Mallow. "I will try to imagine myself an elderly feminine contributor to the *Saturday*, looking at you with vinegar gaze through a pair of spectacles, bent upon spotting every fleck and flaw in your work, and predetermined not to see any thing good in it."

"Then I will trust you!" cried Lady Mabel, with a gush. "I have longed for a listener who could understand and criticise, and who would be too honorable to flatter. I will trust you, as Marguerite of Valois trusted Clement Marot."

Lord Mallow did not know any thing about the French poet and his royal mistress, but he contrived to look as if he did. And, before he ran away to the House presently, he gave Lady Mabel's hand a tender little pressure, which she accepted in all good faith as a sign-manual of the compact between them.

They met in the Row next morning, and Lord Mallow asked—as earnestly as if the answer involved vital issues—when he might be permitted to hear those interesting poems.

"Whenever you can spare time to listen," answered Lady Mabel, more flattered by his earnestness than by all the adulatory sugar-plums which had been showered upon her since her *début*. "If you have nothing better to do this afternoon—"

"Could I have any thing better to do?"

"We won't enter upon so wide a question," said Lady Mabel, laughing prettily. "If committee-rooms and public affairs can spare you for an hour or two, come to tea with mamma at five. I'll get her to deny herself to all the rest of the world, and we can have an undisturbed hour in which you can deal severely with my poor little efforts."

Thus it happened that, in the sweet spring weather, while Roderick was on the stand at Epsom, watching the City and Suburban winner pursue his meteor course along the close-cropped sward, Lord Mallow was sitting at ease in a flowery *fauteuil* in the Queen Anne morning-room at Kensington, sipping orange-scented tea out of egg-shell porcelain, and listening to Lady Mabel's dulcet accents, as she somewhat monotonously and inexpressively rehearsed "The Tragedy of a Skeptic Soul."

The poem was long, and, sooth to say, passing dreary; and, much as he admired the duke's daughter, there were moments when Lord Mallow felt his eyelids drooping, and heard a buzzing, as of summer insects, in his ears.

There was no point of interest in all this rhythmical meandering whereon the hapless young nobleman could fix his attention. Another minute and his skeptic soul would be wandering at ease in the flowery fields of sleep. He pulled himself together with an effort, just as the egg-shell cup and saucer were slipping from his relaxing grasp. He asked the duchess for another cup of that delicious tea. He gazed resolutely at the fair-faced maiden, whose rosy lips moved graciously, discoursing shallowest platitudes clothed in erudite polysyllables, and then at the first pause—when Lady Mabel laid down her velvet-bound volume, and looked timidly upward for his opinion—Lord Mallow poured forth a torrent of eloquence, such as he always had in stock, and praised "The Skeptic Soul" as no poem and no poet had ever been praised before, save by Hibernian critic.

The richness, the melody, the depth, color, brilliancy, tone, variety, far-reaching thought, etc., etc., etc.

He was so grateful to Providence for having escaped falling asleep that he could have gone on forever in this strain. But if any one had asked Lord Mallow what "The Tragedy of a Skeptic Soul" was about, Lord Mallow would have been spun.

When a strong-minded woman is weak upon one particular point, she is apt to be very weak. Lady Mabel's weakness was to fancy herself a second Browning. She had never yet enjoyed the bliss of having her own idea of herself confirmed by independent evidence. Her soul thrilled as Lord Mallow poured forth his praises—talking of "The Book and the Ring," and "Paracelsus," and a great deal more, of which he knew very little, and seeing in the expression of Lady Mabel's eyes and mouth that he was saying exactly the right thing, and could hardly say too much.

They were *tête-à-tête* by this time, for the duchess was sleeping frankly, her crewel-work drooping from the hands that lay idle in her lap, her second cup of tea on the table beside her half finished.

"I don't know how it is," she was wont to say, apologetically, after these placid slumbers. "There is something in Mabel's voice that always sends me to sleep. Her tones are so musical."

"And do you really advise me to publish?" asked Lady Mabel, fluttered and happy.

"It would be a sin to keep such verses hidden from the world."

"They will be published anonymously, of course. I could not endure to be pointed at as the author of 'The Skeptic Soul.' To feel that every eye was upon me, at the opera, in the Row—every where! It would be too dreadful. I should be proud to know that I had influenced my age—given a new bent to thought—but no one must be able to point at *me*."

"'Thou canst not say I did it,'" quoted Lord Mallow. "I entirely appreciate your feelings. Publicity of that sort must be revolting to a delicate mind. I should think Byron would have enjoyed life a great deal better if he had never been known as the author of 'Childe Harold.' He reduced himself to a social play-actor, and always had to pose in his particular *rôle*—the Noble Poet. If Bacon really wrote the plays we call Shakspeare's, and kept the secret all his life, he was indeed the wisest of mankind."

"You have done nothing but praise me," said Lady Mabel, after a thoughtful pause, during which she had trifled with the golden clasp of her volume. "I want you to do something more than that. I want you to advise—to tell me where I am redundant—to point out where I am weak. I want you to help me in the labor of polishing."

Lord Mallow pulled his whisker doubtfully. This was dreadful. He should have to go into particulars presently, to say what lines pleased him best, which of the various metres into which the tragedy was broken up—like a new suburb into squares and crescents and streets—seemed to him happiest and most original.

"Can you trust me with that precious volume?" he asked. "If you can, I will spend the quiet hours of the night in pondering over its pages, and will give you the result of my meditations to-morrow."

Mabel put the book into his hand with a grateful smile.

"Pray be frank with me," she pleaded. "Praise like yours is perilous."

Lord Mallow kissed her hand this time, instead of merely pressing it, and went away radiant, with the velvet-bound book under his arm.

"She's a sweet girl," he said to himself as he hailed a cab. "I wish she wasn't engaged to that Hampshire booby, and I wish she didn't write poetry. Hard that I should have to do the Hampshire booby's work! If I were to leave this book in a hansom, now, there'd be an awful situation!"

Happily for the rising statesman, he was blest with a clever young secretary, who wrote a good many letters for him, read blue-books, got up statistics, and interviewed obtrusive visitors from the Green Isle. To this young student Lord Mallow, in strictest secrecy, confided Lady Mabel's manuscript.

"Read it carefully, Allan, while I'm at the House, and make a note of every thing that's bad on one sheet of paper, and of every thing that's good on another. You may just run your pencil along the margin wherever you think I might write 'Divine!' 'Grandly original!' 'What pathos!' or any thing of that sort."

The secretary was a conscientious young man, and did his work nobly. He sat far into the small hours, ploughing through "The Skeptic Soul." It was tough work; but Mr. Allan was Scotch and dogged, and prided himself upon his critical faculty. This autopsy of a fine lady's poem was a congenial labor. He scribbled pages of criticism, went into the minutest details of style, found a great deal to blame and not much to praise, and gave his employer a complete digest of the poem before breakfast next morning.

Lord Mallow attended the duchess's kettledrum again that afternoon, and this time he was in no wise at sea. He handled "The Skeptic Soul" as if every line of it had been engraven on the tablet of his mind.

"See here, now," he cried, turning to a pencilled margin; "I call this a remarkable passage, yet I think it might be strengthened by some trifling excisions;" and then he showed Lady Mabel how, by pruning twenty lines off a passage of thirty-one, a much finer effect might be attained.

"And you really think my thought stands out more clearly?" asked Mabel, looking regretfully at the lines through which Lord Mallow had run his pencil—some of her finest lines.

"I am sure of it. That grand idea of yours was like a star in a hazy sky. We have cleared away the fog."

Lady Mabel sighed. "To me the meaning of the whole passage seemed so obvious!" she said.

"Because it was your own thought. A mother knows her own children however they are dressed."

This second tea-drinking was a very serious affair. Lord Mallow went at the poem like a professional reviewer, and criticised without mercy, yet contrived not to wound the author's vanity.

"It is because you have real genius that I venture to be brutally candid," he said, when, by those slap-dash pencil-marks of his—always with the author's consent—he had reduced the "Tragedy of the Skeptic Soul" to about one-third of its original length. "I was carried away yesterday by my first impressions; to-day I am coldly critical. I have set my heart upon your poem making a great success."

This last sentence, freely translated, might be taken to mean: "I should not like such an elegant young woman to make an utter fool of herself."

Mr. Vawdrey came in while critic and poet were at work, and was told what they were doing. He evinced no unworthy jealousy, but seemed glad that Lord Mallow should be so useful.

"It's a very fine poem," he said, "but there's too much metaphysics in it. I told Mabel so the other day. She must alter a good deal of it if she wants to be understanded of the people."

"My dear Roderick, my poem is metaphysical or it is nothing," Mabel answered, pettishly.

She could bear criticism from Lord Mallow better than criticism from Roderick. After this it became an established custom for Lord Mallow to drop in every day to inspect the progress of Lady Mabel's poems in the course of their preparation for the press. The business part of the matter had been delegated to him, as much more *au fait* in such things than homely rustic Rorie. He chose the publisher, and arranged the size of the volume, type, binding, initials, tail-pieces—every detail. The paper was to be thick and creamy, the type mediæval, the borders were to be printed in carmine, the initials and tail-pieces specially drawn and engraved, and as quaint as the wood-cuts in an old edition of *Le Lutrin*. The book was to have red edges, and a smooth gray linen binding with silver lettering. It was to be altogether a gem of typographic art, worthy of Firmin Didot.

By the end of May, Lady Mabel's poems were all in type, and there was much discussion about commas and notes of admiration, syllables too much or too little, in the flowery morning-room at Kensington, what time Roderick Vawdrey—sorely at a loss for occupation—wasted the summer hours at races or regattas within easy reach of London, or went to out-of-the-way places to look at hunters of wonderful repute, which, on inspection, were generally disappointing.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CRUMPLED ROSE LEAVES.

VIOLET TEMPEST had been away from home nearly a year, and to the few old servants remaining at the Abbey House, and to the villagers who had known and loved her, it seemed as if a light had gone out.

"It's like it was after the squire's death, when miss and her ma was away," said one gossip to another; "the world seems empty."

Mrs. Carmichael and her husband had been living as became people of some pretension to rank and fashion. They saw very little of each other, but were seen together on all fitting occasions. The morning service in the little church at Beechdale would not have seemed complete without those two figures—the faded beauty in trailing silken draperies and diaphanous bonnet, the slim, well-dressed captain, with his bronzed face and black whiskers. They were, in every body's idea, the happiest example of married bliss. If the lady's languid loveliness had faded more within the last year or so than in the ten years that went before it, if her slow step had grown slower, her white hand more transparent, there were no keen loving eyes to mark the change.

"That affectation of valetudinarianism is growing on Mrs. Carmichael," Mrs. Scobel said one day to her husband. "It is a pity. I believe the captain encourages it."

"She has not looked so well since Violet went away," answered the kindly parson. "It seems an unnatural thing for mother and daughter to be separated."

"I don't know that, dear. The Bible says a man should leave mother and father and cleave to his wife. Poor Violet was a discordant element in that household. Mrs. Carmichael must feel much happier now she is away."

"I can't tell how she feels," answered the vicar, doubtfully; "but she does not look so happy as she did when Violet was at home."

"The fact is, she gives way too much," exclaimed active little Mrs. Scobel, who had never given way in her life. "When she has a headache she lies in bed, and has the Venetian blinds kept down, just as if she were dying. No wonder she looks pale and—"

"Etiolated," said the vicar; "perishing for want of light. But I believe it's moral sunshine that is wanted there, my dear Fanny, say what you will."

Mr. Scobel was correct in his judgment. Pamela Carmichael was a most unhappy woman—an unhappy woman without one tangible cause of complaint. True that her daughter was banished; but she was banished with the mother's full consent. Her personal extravagances had been curtailed; but she was fain to admit that the curtailment was wise, necessary, and for her own future benefit. Her husband was all kindness; and surely she could not be angry with him if he seemed to grow younger every day—rejuvenated by regular habits and rustic life—while in her wan face the lines of care daily deepened, until it would have needed art far beyond the power of any modern Medea to conceal Time's ravages. Your modern Medeas are such poor creatures—loathsome as Horace's Canidia, but without her genius or her power.

"I am getting an old woman," sighed Mrs. Carmichael. "It is lucky I am not without resources against solitude and age."

Her resources were a tepid appreciation of modern idyllic poetry, as exemplified in the weaker poems of Tennyson, and the works of Adelaide Procter and Jean Ingelow, a talent for embroidering conventional foliage and flowers on kitchen towelling, and for the laborious conversion of Nottingham braid into Venetian point-lace.

She had taken it into her head of late to withdraw herself altogether from society, save from such friends who liked her well enough, or were sufficiently perplexed as to the disposal of their lives, to waste an occasional hour over gossip and orange pekoe. She had now permanently assumed that *rôle* of invalid which she had always somewhat affected.

"I am really not well enough to go to dinner parties, Conrad," she said, when her husband politely argued against her refusal of an invitation, with just that mild entreaty which too plainly means: "I don't care a jot whether you go with me or stay at home."

"But, my dear Pamela, a little gayety would give you a fillip."

"No, it would not, Conrad. It would worry me to go to Lady Ellangowan's in one of last season's dresses; and I quite agree with you that I must spend no more money with Theodore."

"Why not wear your black velvet?"

"Too obvious a *pis aller*. I have not enough diamonds to carry off black velvet."

"But your fine old lace—rose-point, I think you call it—surely that would carry off black velvet for once in a way."

"My dear Conrad, Lady Ellangowan knows my rose-point by heart. She always compliments me about it—an artful way of letting me know how often she has seen it. 'Oh, there is that rose-point of yours, dear Mrs. Carmichael; it is too lovely!' I know her! No, Conrad, I will not go to the Ellangowans' in a dress made last year, or in any *réchauffé* of velvet and lace. I hope I have a proper pride that would always preserve me from humiliation of that kind. Besides, I am not strong enough to go to parties. You may not believe me, Conrad, but I am really ill."

The captain put on an unhappy look, and murmured something sympathetic; but he did not believe in the reality of his wife's ailments. She had played the invalid more or less ever since their marriage; and he had grown accustomed to the assumption as a part of his wife's daily existence—a mere idiosyncrasy, like her love of fine dress and strong tea. If at dinner she ate hardly enough for a bird, he concluded that she had spoiled her appetite at luncheon, or by the consumption of sweet biscuits and pound-cake at five o'clock. Her refusal to all invitations to dinners and garden parties he attributed to her folly about dress, and to that alone. Those other reasons which she put forward—of weakness, languor, low spirits—were to Captain Carmichael's mind mere disguises for temper. She had not, in her heart of hearts, forgiven him for closing Madame Theodore's account.

Thus, willfully blind to a truth which was soon to become obvious to all the world, he let the insidious foe steal across his threshold, and guessed not how soon that dark and hidden enemy was to drive him from the hearth by which he sat, secure in self-approval and sagacious schemes for the future.

Once a week, through all the long year, there had come a dutiful letter from Violet to her mother. The letters were often brief—what could the girl find to tell in her desert island?—but they were always kind, and they were a source of comfort to the mother's empty head. Mrs. Carmichael answered unfailingly, and her Jersey letter was one of the chief events of each week. She was fonder of her daughter at a distance than she had ever been when they were together. "That will be something to tell Violet," she would say of any inane bit of gossip that was whispered across the afternoon tea-cups.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IF an adult assembly of two or three thousand persons, sitting quietly in church or theatre, suddenly became conscious that the building was on fire, there is little doubt but that a panic would ensue, resulting in great loss of life. Let grown people learn a lesson from the children and from their teachers. Not long ago, in a public school in West Forty-seventh Street, a teacher in one of the class-rooms observed smoke issuing from the floor beneath the very benches on which the pupils were seated. The children noticed it also, and sprang from their seats in alarm. A word of authority quieted them. They were quickly, but in order, led from the room; and by the coolness and presence of mind of the principal and teachers, and the admirable discipline of the children, in a few moments the 2350 scholars who had responded to the roll-call that morning were safely marched out of the burning building, not one receiving an injury. Meanwhile the smoke had burst into flames, which the Fire Department extinguished within an hour, leaving burned timbers, charred seats, and broken walls to tell of what might so easily have been a fearful catastrophe. The principal and her assistants deserve all praise, and the pupils behaved wonderfully well. "Teacher," whispered one little boy of ten, as he returned from an errand to his own class-room, before the alarm had gone beyond the room in which the fire first appeared, "there's a fire in the school; but don't say any thing about it." Two little lame girls were safely carried down stairs into the street by their class companions. Yes, let us learn of the children.

But surely somebody is in fault that fires occur so often in school buildings. There is no excuse, in houses where thousands of children are gathered, for the existence of "defective flues," nor for "loose matches" lying around, nor for accumulations of "waste paper and other combustible materials."

Many of our readers will remember that during the great gale of February 20 thirteen Gloucester fishing schooners were lost, and with them 143 men. By this terrible disaster 58 women were made widows, and 141 children lost their fathers. Very great suffering has overtaken these bereaved families. We understand that Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of Nos. 549 and 551 Broadway, have been authorized by the Gloucester Relief Association, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, to receive contributions for these widows and orphans.

Several years ago Congress passed a law providing for the erection of durable head-stones over the graves of United States soldiers whose remains are interred in the national military cemeteries. Recently the erection of similar head-stones over the graves of Union soldiers in private and village cemeteries has been authorized by Congress. As soon as necessary arrangements can be made, and the needful information obtained, head-stones will be furnished for all such graves over which tablets or monuments have not already been erected.

The colossal bronze statue of Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, which was unveiled in Glasgow a short time ago, represents him as standing by a broken palm-tree, holding in his left hand an open Bible, and in his right hand his undress cap. Dr. Moffatt, father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, says the likeness is excellent.

At the recent centennial celebration of the city of Lexington, Kentucky, the venerable General Leslie Coombs appeared upon the stage. He referred to his extreme youth, and, supported by his huge walking-stick, six feet long, he spoke the well-known piece beginning,

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,"

amid roars of laughter.

Whosoever throws banana or orange skins on the sidewalk does a great unkindness to the public, and is quite likely to be responsible for a broken limb.

On April 10 we heard in the streets of the city the old familiar cry of "Straw-ber-*rees!* straw-ber-*rees!*" Rather early in the season, it seemed, especially just after the newspapers had been telling about the severe frosts which had killed the buds and damaged early fruits. The strawberries were genuine enough, however, although, undeniably, the flavor of later growths is infinitely preferable.

After competing in a ten-mile running match at Metropolitan Hall, in this city, one of the contestants was seized with brain-fever, and was dangerously ill for some time. In Louisville, Kentucky, one of the pedestrians who took part in a six days' contest was completely exhausted at the close of the match. He languished for a few days, and then died. Facts like these teach their own plain lesson.

Now will the young folks rejoice, and take an additional nap in the morning, for how can stern parents insist on their children getting up at break of day, when a German physician has just demonstrated that early rising is a very bad habit? He finds that in a majority of cases—at least of those he has investigated—the long livers have indulged in late hours. And he has failed to discover, after careful observation of the health of several early risers, that it was in any degree better than that of a similar number of late risers. He thinks that so far from any decided benefit being gained by getting up early in the morning, it rather tends to exhaust physical power and to shorten life. So much for the German physician, of whose name we have no knowledge. There is no doubt, in the busy and exciting life that most Americans lead, they need all the sleep they can get. If they can not take a proper portion of the night's rest *before* midnight, they had better, most certainly, secure it afterward. No one rule in this matter serves for all; circumstances vary, but at some time during the twenty-four hours plenty of sleep should be obtained.

Another case: and how often they occur nowadays! A little boy in Walkerton, Ontario, while shooting marbles at a mark with a gun, on April 8, accidentally shot dead a little girl who was with him.

High rank, fine abilities, a large fortune, and many other good gifts may co-exist with misery, as is proved by the case of the father of the late Duke of Newcastle. He was a nobleman upon whom many honors had been conferred, and was much esteemed by the Queen. But times and fortunes changed; his wife left him; his only daughter married a drunkard, who afterward became insane; the eldest son, who has recently died, was a confirmed gambler; and, with one exception, the younger sons were of bad repute. So the fine fortune went to creditors, and the splendid seat of the duke was deserted.

Maine has a law affixing a penalty of a fine not less than $500, or of imprisonment not exceeding one year, for adulterating sugar and molasses, or for knowingly selling or exposing for sale any adulterated sugar or molasses.

About twenty miles from Amsterdam, Holland, there are two houses now offered for sale which were originally purchased with the proceeds of the sale of three tulip bulbs. It will be remembered that during the "tulip mania," which began about 1634, immense prices were paid for single bulbs. The record of the purchase of these houses is preserved in a stone inserted in the gable of one of the buildings.

An exchange says that the Illinois Legislature has been presented with a petition signed by 100,000 ladies for the passage of a law permitting women to vote upon all questions involving the granting of licenses for the sale of liquors.

Not long ago the Czar of Russia went on the stage at St. Petersburg, after the second act of *Faust*, to compliment Madame Albani. Such an honor as this, it is said, is without a parallel in the Italian operatic history of Russia.

According to report, Ralph Disraeli is quite the opposite of his famous brother Benjamin: the one has always shunned publicity; the other has lived in the blaze of notoriety. Ralph gives no parties, accepts no invitations, his name is not among the lists of guests at his brother's house. He lives in quietude, seems to have no special ambitions. Nobody knows exactly the date of his birth, and he declines to give any information in regard to his family matters. Occasionally he is seen quietly seated at a table in the House of Lords, but he neither claims nor receives attention.

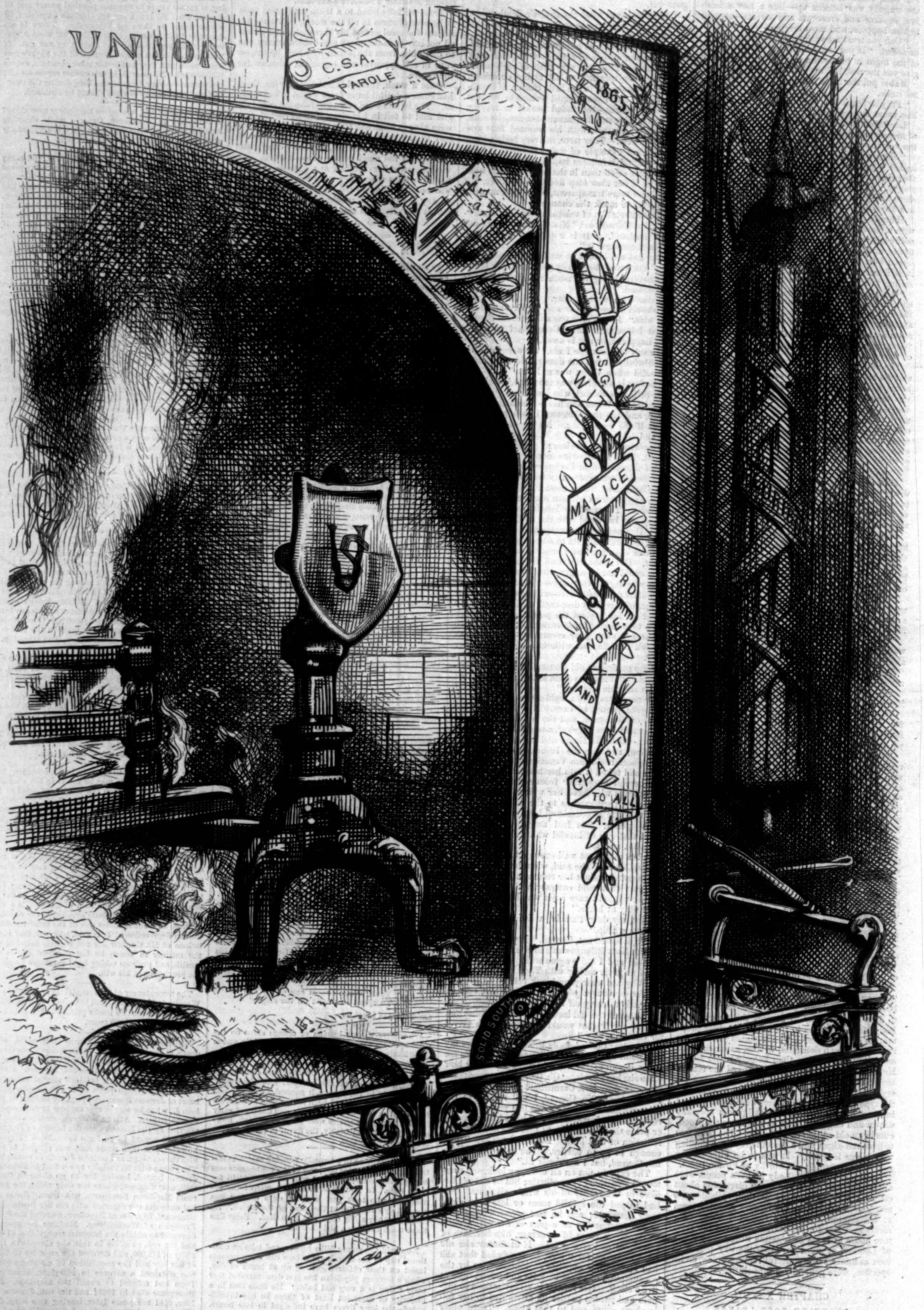
Conscience, after a long slumber, awoke in the case of a woman of Champion, New York—at least, she lived in Champion fifty-two years ago, when she cheated a lady who purchased of her some straw for a bonnet. A short time ago the lady purchaser received a letter from this woman inclosing five dollars, and explaining that fifty-two years ago she gave wrong measurement in the sale of the straw; that twenty years ago she experienced religion, since which time her conscience had troubled her; and that she now sent the money, hoping she might be forgiven.

The remedy for a tired, worn brain, according to a well-known physician, may be found in the abandonment of all habits which can not be defended by the highest kind of reasoning; the careful determining by each man of his ability to stand work; the avoidance of doing any thing for which a man has no adequate education; rest, recreation, and the keeping up of the tissue-building powers by wholesome food.

All the blind people in England and Wales must now be earnestly hoping that no flaw may be discovered in the last will and testament of Mr. Henry Gardner, a wealthy Londoner, who died last January, leaving the most of his large fortune to be used for the benefit of the blind. The sum of £330,000 is a magnificent gift, and will greatly ameliorate the condition of those who suffer under one of the most terrible of human deprivations. It is said, however, that the relations of Mr. Gardner are not entirely satisfied with the manner in which he has disposed of his vast wealth, and propose taking legal measures to change the provisions of his will.

The tercentenary of the introduction of printing into Warsaw is to be celebrated this year by an exhibition of all the remarkable books printed in the Polish capital during the last 300 years.

Madame Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, whose death, at the age of ninety-four, recently occurred at Baltimore, was a remarkable woman, whose singular history has always excited peculiar interest. Possessed of great beauty and brilliant mental attractions, when only eighteen years of age she captivated the heart of Jerome Bonaparte, younger brother of Napoleon I., when he was in this country in command of a French frigate. After a brief acquaintance they were married by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, with due regard to all legal formalities. Napoleon, however, just then made Emperor, refused to recognize the marriage, and ordered Jerome to return home. The young wife he forbade to set foot in France, and Jerome landed, leaving her to go alone to Camberwell, near London, where her only child, the late Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was born. Never again but once did the deserted wife see her husband, who afterward, by order of Napoleon, married the Princess Frederica of Würtemberg. Madame Bonaparte endeavored to obtain the imperial recognition of herself and her son. Failing in this, she accepted a life-annuity of $12,000, and devoted her energies to the care of her boy and the acquisition of a fortune for him. She obtained a divorce in Maryland, although the Pope had refused to annul the marriage. Jerome Bonaparte died in 1860; and the son, Jerome Napoleon, died ten years later, leaving two sons, Jerome Napoleon and Charles Joseph, who still survive, and now inherit the large property left by Madame Bonaparte.

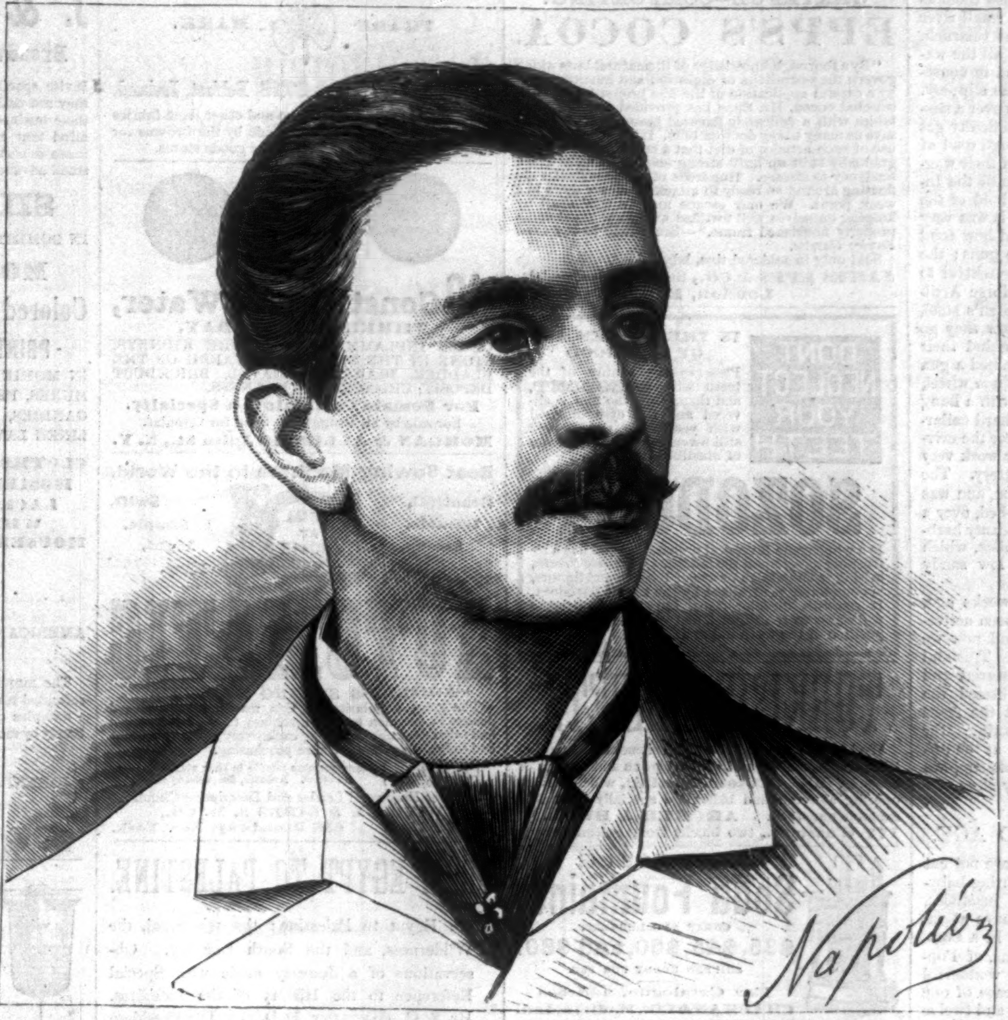

UNION
C.S.A.
PAROLE
1865
U.S.G.
WITH
MALICE
TOWARD
NONE.
AND
CHARITY
TO ALL
A.L.
US
SOLID SOUTH
Th. Nast

WARMING UP.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

This young gentleman, whom his partisans hail as "**Napoleon IV.**, Emperor of the French," and who is styled Prince by general courtesy, was born at the Palace of the Tuileries on the 16th of March, 1856. He is the son of **Napoleon III.** and of the Empress **Marie Eugénie de Guzman**, Countess of Theba, Marchioness of Moya, and Grandee of Spain of the First Class; and he is the great-nephew of the first Emperor and of the Empress **Josephine**. He was baptized at Notre Dame in the presence of all that was great in the Empire and of the whole French Episcopate, more than a hundred bishops being counted. The young Prince received the most careful education, and exhibited great aptitude and ability in his studies. But for the disastrous war with Germany, by which the Empire was overthrown, he might now be in reality Emperor of the French. Since the revolution of September 4, 1870, he has lived at Chiselhurst, in England.

He has received a thorough military education at Woolwich, and graduated seventh in a class of thirty-four; and having no other field in which to indulge his taste for the profession of arms, he has gone as a volunteer with the English forces now operating against the savage Zulus. It is said that his determination to join the expedition was made without consultation with his mother or with the leaders of his party. He has a blind, almost fanatical belief in his own destiny, and is firm in the faith that France will some time call him to restore the Empire, and save her from the "direful consequences of too much liberty." His faith must be very strong!


Napoléon

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

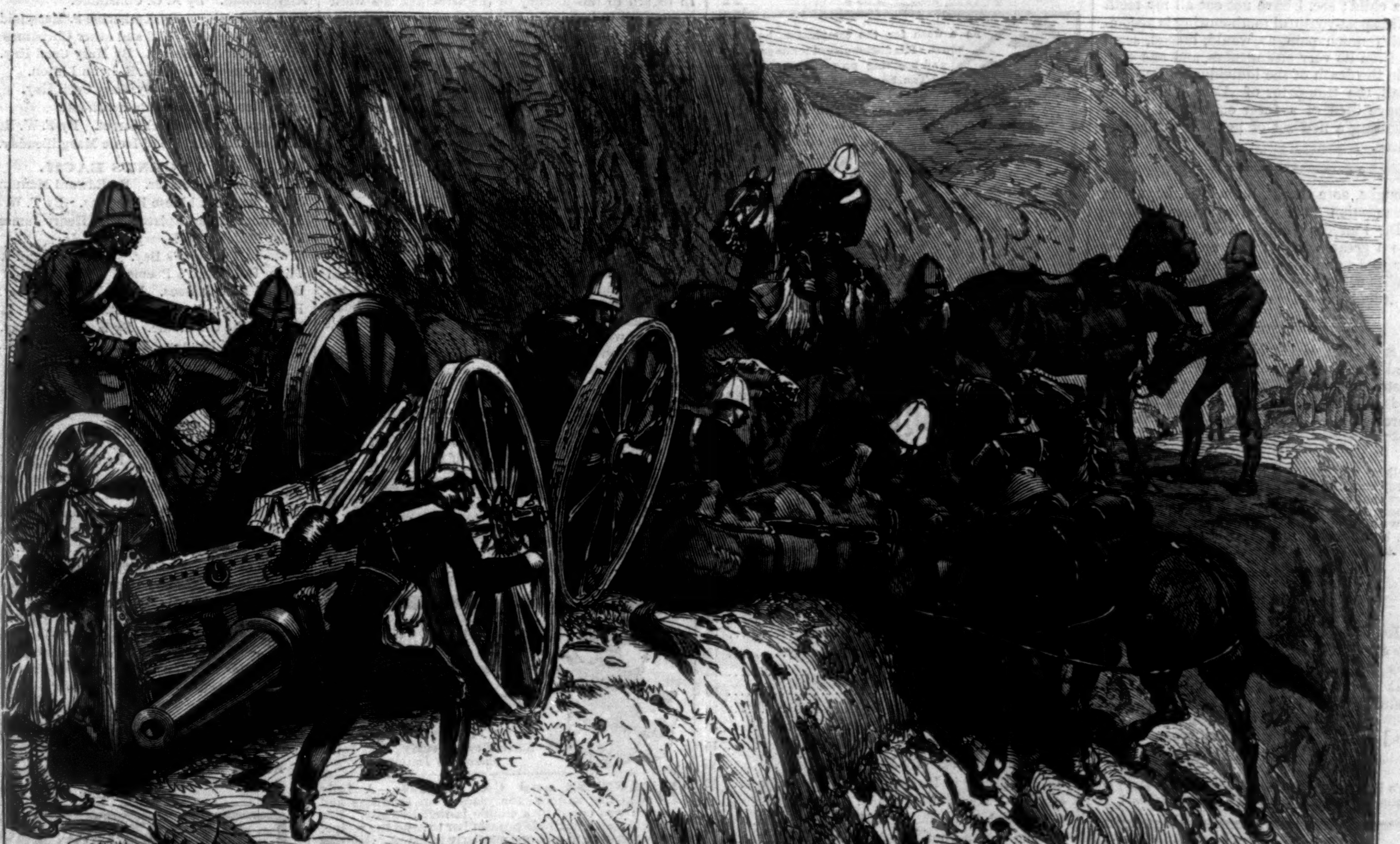
ARTILLERY IN THE KHYBER PASS.

At the beginning of the Afghan war it was anticipated by the English that their advance into the Ameer's dominions would meet with the most determined resistance in the Khyber Pass. This, however, was a mistaken idea; for the event has proved that both the Quetta and Kurum columns have had more difficulties to contend with than the Khyber column. The tribes inhabiting the districts through which the troops entering by way of Quetta and Kurum have passed seem to have fought more persistently than those which opposed the Khyber column, and the character of the country has been considerably rougher and more broken. The Khyber Pass—the great bugbear to Englishmen ever since their terrible experiences in 1841—has really proved itself to be comparatively free of difficulty. The chief reason of this is that the pass is by no means a high one. Again, the very highest part, that by Lundi Kotal, though a strong position when held against a force attacking it from the northern side, looking toward Dakka, is really by no means impregnable when approached from the southern or Ali-Musjeed side, from which direction the English advanced.

Another advantage possessed by the Khyber column was the famous Mackeson Road, which, though constructed some forty years ago, and probably never repaired, is still in good condition. At one place where there is a bridge the Afghans appear to have attempted its destruction, but they have not succeeded. Having broken away the edges, they have left the middle as firm as ever, and quite wide enough for the passage of artillery. The attempt is rather interesting than otherwise, for it shows how solidly and firmly the great causeway has been built. Another great point that the Khyber column has had in its favor is that all the way through the pass, from Peshawur to Jelalabad, there is water to be had every ten miles or thereabouts, so that long marches have not been necessary. This is a great consideration where baggage is carried by camels, these animals moving so slowly. The only really long interval without water is from Chardeh to Alibaghan, a distance of about thirteen miles.

The few dangerous points on the road through the Khyber Pass occur in the neighborhood of Ali-Musjeed, and at a dangerous turning beyond Lundi Kotal, going northward. Near the fortress the road lies chiefly over the rocky bed of the river, now low, but in one spot having a water-mark of about five or six feet, so as to render it totally impassable occasionally, thereby necessitating a disagreeable détour. The weak point in the road beyond Lundi Kotal was the scene of the accident depicted in our engraving, which happened to a gun of the Royal Horse Artillery, I Battery of C Brigade, under command of Colonel **Manderson**. The road at this place takes a very sharp turn to the left, having a ravine 200 feet deep, with a precipitous fall to the right, and a high shelving rock on the left-hand side. The leading gun passed safely; but with the second gun the shaft-horse took fright, and pushed the driver with his riding-horse and the gun-carriage up the slope to the left, upsetting both limber and gun. The wheel driver, sticking to his horse, fell between his own pair, while the centre pair got off the road, and the leading pair stood, their respective drivers jumping off. Colonel **Manderson** ordered the traces of these to be cut. The centre pair had got an insecure footing on the edge of the precipice, four feet below the road. An attempt was made to get them to jump up, but they lost their balance and dropped into the ravine. One horse was killed, the other was not injured. The pair of wheel-horses and their driver were next to be relieved. The man was got from under his own horse, badly bruised, but soon recovered. His horse was let drop, and was so injured that he had to be shot next day; but the shaft-horse, which caused the disaster, was extricated with less difficulty.

The transportation of artillery has really been the greatest difficulty encountered by the English in the Khyber Pass, if we except the sharp contest that gave them possession of Ali-Musjeed. On one occasion a wagon became fastened in the mud, and on another a valuable piece of ordnance came near going over the precipice. Both these incidents were witnessed by the correspond-


THE AFGHAN WAR—ACCIDENT TO ARTILLERY AT LUNDI KOTAL.

ent of the London *Times*, who describes them as follows: "We began by crossing the small river which runs into the Cabool River at Chardeh. The stream itself was not frozen, but all the water not running water near it was, and in consequence here and there the ground was slippery. One of the Tenth Hussar horses, going over a nasty place, got bogged, and was with difficulty got out. The artillery, too, had a nasty rough road of it, getting up and down banks. One of their wagons got stuck in a very heavy place until the Infantry Guides came up, but they got hold of the wagon with such determination that it was very soon extricated. The incident showed how fond infantry are of giving a hand to the guns; the way they went to work was quite delightful to see. The guns with us are Royal Horse Artillery 9-pounder field-guns, made of Frith's steel, bound with iron, and I like to see how they go over rough places, bounding along behind their six willing horses. At one time I noticed a gun balance itself for a second or two on one wheel, and directly afterward it came down with a bang on the other wheel all right; but it is hard collar-work for horses, and very hard work for the drivers. I must say they performed their work very well. This I. C. is a very smart battery. The march was in a northwesterly direction, and was chiefly, after we had passed the river-bed, over a plain strewed with rough stones and scanty herbage, until we reached the last four miles, which was over a road winding through low sandy hills."

These incidents took place some weeks ago, since when the engineer corps have been actively engaged in improving the roads, and now we learn that they are in excellent order. This and the smoother working of the commissariat and transport departments have so facilitated the passage of supplies for the troops at the front that the dépôts are full to overflowing. Sir Samuel Browne is said to be hinting at the difficulty he will have in retransporting his supplies should the war be brought to a speedy close.

CUTTING TEETH IN OLD AGE.

It is generally supposed that teeth are not cut more than twice in a lifetime—once during babyhood, and again in youth. Several instances, however, of tooth-cutting in old age have at various times been brought to notice. In a Commonplace written by Thomas Rawlins, of Pophills, between 1724 and 1734, some wonderful cases are related. He mentions the case of one lady of the mature age of one hundred and twelve who cut a new set, and another of a mere boy of one hundred and nine who similarly distinguished himself. An instance of tooth-cutting in advanced age, and its effect upon the person who experienced it, are given by a correspondent in an early number of *Notes and Queries*, who, after referring to the case, says: "A remarkable circumstance in this case is that she has cut an incisive tooth in the lower jaw within the last few weeks, and is now cutting another, which fact confirms her in the strange belief that she is leading a *post-mortem* existence, and has commenced at infancy again; for upon one of her daughters asking me if I thought it probable she would die, she exclaimed, angrily, 'How can I die twice? I am only a child; see, I have not cut all my teeth yet.'" This post-youthful tooth-cutting is accompanied with much pain, as would, indeed, seem probable from its very strangeness, and has even resulted in the death of the individual. Dr. Samuel Croxall, the translator of Æsop's Fables, is said to have died of a fever occasioned by the pain of cutting a new set of teeth at the age of ninety-three.

For coughs, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is also a great blood-purifier and strength-restorer, or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive conditions of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

Peck & Snyder, of 124 Nassau St., N. Y., have published a new Catalogue for 1879, containing 700 illustrations of various novelties and sporting goods. It should be in the hands of every one interested in out-door amusements.—[*Com.*]

We believe the cause of the wonderful success of our Murray and Lanman's Florida Water may be found in the fact that the principal aim in its preparation has always been to give the simple natural perfume of flowers, without any chemical addition whatever, and to avoid, by all means, the great error of making a heavy, sickly, sweet perfume.—[*Com.*]

Oswego Starch Factory,
Oswego, N. Y., *Oct.* 28, 1878.

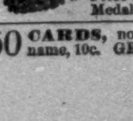
H. W. Johns, 87 Maiden Lane:

Dear Sir,—We have several acres of your Asbestos Roofing on our buildings; the first roof put on fifteen years ago is in good condition, and we prefer it to any other.

Yours respectfully,
—[*Com.*] T. Kingsford & Sons.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. All Druggists have them.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N.Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

50 CARDS, no two alike, Chromo, &c., with name, 10c. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF GIRLHOOD

Preserve the beauty of the teeth with **SOZODONT**, and then, when the hair is silvered and the eyes dimmed with years, the mouth will still reveal two glittering rows of unsullied ivory.

SOZODONT

Is a wholesome Botanical preparation and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath*, arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It removes discolorations, imparts a glittering whiteness to the enamel, and renders the decomposition of the teeth impossible.

TURKISH CARPETS.

We have a large and choice assortment of **India, Turkish,** and **Persian Carpets** and **Rugs** of all sizes. Also, **Canton Matting,** which we are offering at retail, and ladies are specially invited to examine our stock. **ARCHER & BULL, 177 Water St.,** two blocks from Fulton Ferry.

PORTABLE

Soda Fountains,

CHEAP AND DURABLE.

$35, $45, $60, and $80.

SHIPPED READY FOR USE.

For Catalogue, address
CHAPMAN & CO., Madison, Ind.

VIREÜN (School for Boys),
Sing Sing, N. Y.

One Hundred Pupils to West Point and Annapolis in last seven years. Preparation for College or Scientific Schools equally thorough. For Catalogue, send to Col. H. C. SYMONDS (late U. S. Army), Principal.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

For Sale by all Stationers.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., NEW YORK.

KALLISTON

As a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, removing Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, etc., curing Chapped Hands and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

The delicate structure of the skin renders it sensitive to the slightest obstructions, arising from sunburn, dust, or the changing air and wind. Burnett's Kalliston is prepared expressly to remove all these; and the result of its use is a perfectly healthy action, and a softness and loveliness of texture that health alone will induce.

HARPER'S

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

	CTS.
32. The Irish Bar. By J. Roderick O'Flanagan	15
33. The Last Days of Pompeii. By Lord Lytton	15
34. Through Asiatic Turkey. By Grattan Geary	15
35. Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier	10
36. Jane Eyre. By Charlotte Brontë	15
37. An Eye for an Eye. By Anthony Trollope	10
38. Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins	15
39. A True Marriage. By Emily Spender	15
40. Kelverdale. By the Earl of Desart	15
41. Within Sound of the Sea	10
42. The Last of Her Line. By Eliza Tabor	15
43. Vixen. By M. E. Braddon	15
44. Within the Precincts. By Mrs. Oliphant	15
45. All or Nothing. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey	15
46. The Plague in London. By Daniel Defoe	10
47. The Grahams of Invermoy. By M. C. Stirling	15
48. Coward Conscience. By F. W. Robinson	15
49. The Cloven Foot. By M. E. Braddon	15
50. Quaker Cousins. By Agnes Macdonell	15
51. The Sherlocks. By John Saunders	15
52. That Artful Vicar	15

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

TRADE MARK.

JOHN S. BROWN & SONS, Belfast, Ireland,

Continue to make Table-Linen and other linen fabrics of the sterling worth as that made by the Browns for four generations. At all retail dry goods stores.

DROPS OF

40 Constitution Water,

THREE TIMES A DAY,

CURES INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BRICKDUST DEPOSIT, CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.

For Female Complaints a Specialty.

For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.

MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

Best Sewing Machine in the World.

TRIAL AT HOME

Beautiful, Durable, Strong, Silent.
Swift, Simple, Light, Easy.

AUTOMATIC

NOISELESS SEWING MACHINE.

The great popularity of this machine has induced dealers in common tension machines to claim automatic and other features belonging exclusively to us. Examine and judge for yourself before purchasing.

W.&G. Pat. Mar. 19, 1861. } Every genuine needle is thus stamped. Buy no other. Needles, &c., sent by mail.

Send for Illustrated Leaflet and Descriptive Circular.

WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO.,
(Cor. Bond St.) **658 Broadway, New York.**

FROM EGYPT TO PALESTINE.

From Egypt to Palestine: through Sinai, the Wilderness, and the South Country. Observations of a Journey made with Special Reference to the History of the Israelites. By S. C. Bartlett, D.D., LL.D., President of Dartmouth College, and lately Professor in the Chicago Theological Seminary. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

If we were to regard this volume simply as a book of travel, too much could scarcely be said in its praise, for the author has known how to invest his narrative with peculiar interest, giving us a clear insight into the characteristic features of the countries he describes. In passing over scenes so frequently written about, his aim was constantly to acquire fresh information, to explore out-of-the-way places, and pursue such investigations as would add materially to the array of facts already accumulated by other travellers. In regard to the journey of the Israelites, his work cannot fail to become a great authority, embodying, as it does, about all that has ever been advanced by other writers on the subject, and adding thereto conclusions arrived at after the most patient research and practical exploration. * * * President Bartlett's style is exceedingly fascinating.—*N. Y. Times.*

An important work. * * * It is far more than an ordinary book of travels; it is in a sort the unifying and arrangement of the works of a large number of industrious and acute investigators and travellers, who have for years been engaged in unfolding the antiquities of Egypt, and publishing the results of their observations upon the Sinaitic Peninsula and the Wilderness, that Dr. Bartlett has attempted. * * * In its exhaustiveness, its learning, and its fairness, this work of Dr. Bartlett is an important contribution of American scholarship to the literature of Biblical criticism, and so is an accomplishment in which his countrymen will take a pardonable pride. The book is copiously illustrated with wood-cuts and maps, and provided with a complete index.—*N. Y. World.*

Seems destined to occupy a foremost place among literature of its kind.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

NOVELTY CARRIAGE.

Why will Mothers persist in using for their babies what they would not take for themselves. Protect your child's eyes from the Sun's rays. Use the Umbrella Top. Put on any Carriage.

L. P. TIBBALS,
820 Broadway, New York.
Beware of Imitations.

DEAFNESS and CATARRH.—A Lady who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

FISHING TACKLE. Send 6 cents for 64-page Catalogue of Fishing Tackle, Archery, Base-Ball, and Sportsmen's Goods. **R. SIMPSON, 132 Nassau St., N.Y.**

WE WOULD EARNESTLY RECOMMEND to all our readers Payson's Indelible Ink for marking linen with a common pen, without preparation. Sold by all druggists and stationers.

J. & C. JOHNSTON,

Broadway, 5th Ave., and 22d St.,

Invite special attention to the choice novelties that they are daily receiving in the following branches of their business, and the reader is requested to bear in mind that every article in any way connected with these departments is kept in them, and is sold at a small advance on the cost of importation:

SILKS, SHAWLS,

IN DOMESTIC, SCOTCH, FRENCH, AND INDIAN.

MOURNING GOODS,

Colored Worsted Dress Goods,

PRINTED COTTON DRESS GOODS

IN MOMIE CLOTHS, SATINES, COTOLINES, ARMURES, PERCALES, CHEVIOTS, ZEPHYRS, ORGANDIES, JACONETS, AND PRINTED IRISH LINEN LAWNS.

CLOTHS, SUITS AND CLOAKS, HOSIERY, UPHOLSTERY GOODS, LACES, BOOTS AND SHOES, WHITE GOODS, BOYS' SUITS, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS, FURS, MILLINERY.

CARPETS,

AMERICAN, ENGLISH, FRENCH, TURKISH, and **RUGS.**

The money and the cost of transportation will be refunded for every article not as represented.

Samples of Dry Goods and Catalogues sent gratuitously by mail to all parts of the country on application.

BRANCH STORE:
JOHNSTON & REILLY, 59 & 61 North Pearl St.,
ALBANY, NEW YORK.

J. & C. JOHNSTON.

TO AGENTS—$1000 FORFEITED

If we don't prove that two gross, $72 worth needle-threading thimbles were retailed in a single day by our agents at 25 cents each, $5 to $10 a day being no unusual thing. A young farmer on horseback went through two counties, and made $150 in four weeks. This patent thimble is no trick or humbug, but a real necessity, and will last a lifetime. Each thimble has a needle-threading attachment permanently combined for rapidly and easily threading needles while sewing, saving time and eyesight. Ladies and tailors say it's worth $10. Sample by mail, 25c. Nine, $1; one dozen, $1 25. Postage stamps taken. 10,000 Agents wanted.

Address **SLENSBY M'F'G CO., 927 Broadway, N. Y.**

Harper's Half-Hour Series.

LATEST ISSUES.

15 CENTS EACH.

Afghanistan. By A. G. Constable.
The Awakening. By Katharine S. Macquoid.
Lady Carmichael's Will and other Christmas Stories.
The Sorrow of a Secret. By Mary Cecil Hay.
Our Professor. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.
A Dark Inheritance. By Mary Cecil Hay.
Some Recollections of Rufus Choate.
The Romance of a Back Street. By F. W. Robinson.
Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy.

20 CENTS EACH.

Six Months on a Slaver. By Edward Manning.
John; or, Our Chinese Relations. By T. W. Knox.
An International Episode. By Henry James, Jr.
Daisy Miller. By Henry James, Jr.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay. By Besant and Rice.
Oliver Goldsmith's Poems.
Behind Blue Glasses. By F. W. Hackländer.
Hand-Book to Pottery Painting. By J. C. L. Sparkes.
Back to the Old Home. By Mary Cecil Hay.
The Lady of Launay. By Anthony Trollope.

25 CENTS EACH.

Healthy Houses. By Fleeming Jenkin.
Our Village. By Miss Mitford.
Ballads of Battle and Bravery.
Oliver Goldsmith's Plays.
The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith.
The Adventures of Ulysses. By Charles Lamb.
Stories from Virgil. By A. J. Church.
Professor Pressensee. By John Esten Cooke.
Squire Paul. Translated by Mary A. Robinson.
Spanish Literature. By Helen S. Conant.
A Sussex Idyl. By Clementina Black.
Our Village. By Mary Russell Mitford.
Modern France. By George M. Towle.

☞ *A selection of twenty-five volumes from the above Series will be sent by mail (in box), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Five Dollars.*

The volumes sent separately at their advertised prices, postage free.

"Harper's Half-Hour Series" will be supplied in Cloth for 15 cents per volume in addition to the price of the respective volumes in paper covers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

Use LEAMON'S DYES

WARRANTED *best and cheapest for Family and Fancy Dyeing.* Dresses, Coats, Ribbons, Ties, Feathers, anything **colored any shade.** Any one can use them. *The Black and Brown are best dyes known.* **Splendid INK made very cheap.** 12 colors. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail. Large size, 25c.; small size, 15c. Send for Dye Book and beautiful samples free. Wells, Richardson & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt.

PATENTS *obtained, and "Guide" sent free, by L. Bagger & Co., Washington, D.C.*

ROGERS' GROUPS.

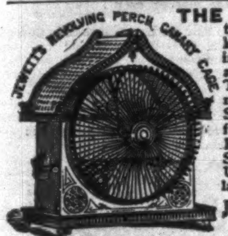
Enclose 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to **JOHN ROGERS**, 1155 Broadway, N. Y.

U. S. Jobber,
Price, $60.

Young America Press Co.,
35 Murray St., New York,
manufacture a variety of hand, self-inking and rotary presses, ranging in price from $1.50 to $150 including the **Centennial, Young America, Cottage, Lightning** and other celebrated printing machines. Our new rotary press, the **United States Jobber**, for cheapness and excellence is unrivalled. Other presses taken in exchange. Lowest prices for type and printing material. Circulars free. Specimen Book of Type, etc., 10 cts. A sample package of plain and fancy cards, 10 cents.

PORCELAIN PAINTING

The largest and most complete assortment of
Lacroix's Tube Colors,
And all Materials necessary for
CHINA and TILE PAINTING.
Hand-Book on the Subject, 50c.
J. MARSCHING & CO.
21 Park Place, New York.
Send for Price-List.


JEWETT'S REVOLVING PERCH CANARY CAGE

THE BIRD lights upon the perches, which keeps the wheel moving. It is healthy and a delight to the Bird. The most charming novelty of the age. Sold by House-furnishing Hardware, Drug, and Crockery Stores throughout the U S. Send for Circular. MANUF'D ONLY BY
JOHN C. JEWETT & SONS,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year........$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " " 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " " 4 00
The THREE publications, one year........10 00
Any TWO, one year........................ 7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year................20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft**, to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $3 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

EAR DISEASES!

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker's Book on Deafness and Diseases of the Ear and **CATARRH** their proper treatment, especially Running Ear. How to get *immediate* relief from *all* annoyances of these diseases, and a sure, harmless and permanent cure. A book every family should have. *Sent free to all.* Address Dr. C. E. SHOEMAKER, *Aural Surgeon*, Reading, Pa.

AGENTS, ATTENTION!

We pay Agents a regular Monthly Salary, or give a large commission for the sale of the greatest and fastest selling inventions out. Address at once,
VOLTAIC COMPANY, Marshall, Mich.

RELIABLE.
Before
After
Copyright'd.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR
A Wonderful Discovery. Forces heavy Moustache or Beard even on smooth faces in from 20 to 30 days. These cuts are from the original, and show a positive result from its use. It works like magic and never fails. No possible injury to the skin, easily applied and certain in effect. Pkg. post-paid 25cts. 3 for 50cts. L. L. SMITH & CO. Sole Ag'ts, Palatine, Ill. All others counterfeit.

PLAYS, Tableaux, Dialogues, Recitations, Colored Fire, Wigs, Mustaches, &c. Catalogues sent free by HAPPY HOURS COMPANY, No. 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

FREE TRUSSES Supplied to Soldiers and Sailors Ruptured in the service. Address DITMAN'S TRUSS ANNEX, 2 Barclay St., N. Y.

SCOTT'S

SCHOOL HISTORIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

FROM THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO THE YEAR 1877.

	Mailing Price.	*Introduction.*	*Exchange.*
Smaller School History of the United States,	$ 82	$0 45	$0 40
School History of the United States,	1 17	65	60

The "Smaller History," 208 pages, is designed to meet the wants of a brief course. The "School History," 400 pages, furnishes a more extended course.

The latest edition of these books brings the narrative down to Hayes's Administration.

ADOPTED IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia Evening Express. "The introduction of Scott's 'History of the United States' in our public schools will meet with general approbation. The Board of Education have in their action recognized a truly valuable work, one in every way suited for our public schools."

John C. Ridpath, Prof. of History, Asbury University, Greencastle, Ind. "Everything is stated in a clear, concise, and elegant manner. The style throughout is to be commended. The book, in all respects, is worthy to take rank as a first-class School History."

State Normal School, Platteville, Wis. "Scott's 'School History of the United States' has been in successful use in the Platteville Normal School for the past year."

State Normal School, Whitewater, Wis. "Scott's 'School History of the United States' was adopted for use in the Whitewater Normal School Jan. 27, 1879."

R. E. Bunker, Ex-Supt. of Schools, Muskegon, Mich. "We have introduced Scott's 'United States History' because we believe it to be the best."

The State, Richmond, Va. "We have carefully examined Scott's 'School Histories of the United States,' and, with two or three exceptions touching facts not well established when the books were published, they are an admirably truthful and impartial presentment of our history."

WENTWORTH'S ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

Arranged for Drill and Review in Primary, Grammar, and High Schools. Mailing Price, 44 cents; Introduction, 28 cents; Exchange, 22 cents—Teachers' Edition, with Answers: Mailing Price, 53 cents; Introduction, 34 cents; Exchange, 27 cents.

The object of this work is to supply the growing demand on the part of teachers for a larger number of progressive examples for practice than is usually found in the text-books, in order to secure accuracy and rapidity in arithmetical operations.

Its distinguishing feature is that each subject is first treated separately, with at least twenty-five examples, without answers, rules, tables, or suggestions, so that in a class of from twenty-five to thirty each pupil can have a different example; then a large number and variety of promiscuous examples are given, involving all the preceding subjects, and so arranged as to require a practical knowledge of them.

It is progressive, practical, and complete, and is designed to supplement any series of arithmetics in use.

A. P. Marble, Supt. of Public Schools, Worcester, Mass. "This book has been in use in our schools several years. Our teachers have found it very useful."

D. W. Jones, Master of Lowell School, Boston, Mass. "I have used Wentworth's 'Problems' two or three years with pleasing results. They are the best arranged set of questions for class review I have ever seen."

H. Chapin Sawin, Prin. of Bigelow School, Newton, Mass. "I think Wentworth's 'Arithmetical Problems' the best book of its kind."

D. D. Patton, Prin. of High School, Portland, Me. "Wentworth's 'Arithmetical Problems' has been used in this school since its publication, and has proved admirably adapted as a text-book for the purpose designed by the author."

M. L. Seymour, Prin. of Public Schools, Blue Island, Ill. "After two years' experience with Wentworth's 'Test Problems,' I am sure I could not well do without it."

DUFFS' COMMON SCHOOL BOOK-KEEPING.

A Text-Book for Schools, and a Manual of Practical Instruction for Business Men. By CHARLES P. DUFF, WILLIAM H. DUFF, and ROBERT P. DUFF. Small 4to, Cloth, Mailing Price, 60 cents; Introduction, 38 cents; Exchange, 32 cents.

Blanks for Common School Book-Keeping. Per Set, Mailing Price, 60 cents; Introduction, 38 cents.

This work is compact in form, moderate in price, embodies all the most recent improvements of the counting-room, and is adapted to the wants of schools as well as to the needs of ordinary business.

It is a working text-book, in which the study is stripped of needless difficulties, and the essentials of practical book-keeping are set forth in a way which will be found easy both to learn and to teach.

George W. Parker, Prin. of Schools, Yorkville, Ill. "Our class in book-keeping is very much pleased with Duffs' 'Common School Book-Keeping.' It is the best text-book I have ever seen on the subject. I have always taught my classes without using any text-book, but I find 'Duffs'' so well adapted and so thoroughly practical that the class is brought as near the actual business transactions as a recitation can bring it."

Charles N. Brown, Prin. of Schools, Utica, Wis. "I find Duffs' 'Book-Keeping' far superior to any other book of the kind for school use that I have examined, and I think the idea of furnishing blanks in Duffs' style an excellent one."

H. C. Rankin, Prin. of Schools, Cassopolis, Mich. "Duffs' 'Common School Book-Keeping' and Blanks are in use in our schools, and are giving entire satisfaction."

J. Q. Emery, Supt. of Schools, Fort Atkinson, Wis. "Duffs' 'Common School Book-Keeping meets my idea of what is needed in our public schools the best of anything I have seen."

H. W. Macaulay, Prin. of Business College, Lawrence, Kan. "Duffs' 'Common School Book-Keeping' is the best work known to me for common schools."

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of HARPER & BROTHERS' school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, &c., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

FROM EGYPT TO PALESTINE: through Sinai, the Wilderness, and the South Country. Observations of a Journey made with Special Reference to the History of the Israelites. By S. C. BARTLETT, D.D., LL.D., President of Dartmouth College, and lately Professor in the Chicago Theological Seminary. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

II.

MOSES THE LAW-GIVER. By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

III.

OUR VILLAGE: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

IV.

BALLADS OF BATTLE AND BRAVERY. Selected by W. GORDON McCABE. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

V.

SIX MONTHS ON A SLAVER. A True Narrative. By EDWARD MANNING. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

VI.

HEALTHY HOUSES. By FLEEMING JENKIN, F.R.S., Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh. Adapted to American Conditions. By GEORGE E. WARING, Jr. With Six Illustrative Diagrams. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

VII.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume.

The following volumes are now ready: *Daniel Defoe.* By WILLIAM MINTO.—*Goldsmith.* By WILLIAM BLACK.—*Hume.* By Professor HUXLEY.—*Shelley.* By J. A. SYMONDS.—*Sir Walter Scott.* By R. H. HUTTON.—*Edward Gibbon.* By J. C. MORISON.—*Samuel Johnson.* By LESLIE STEPHEN.

VIII.

STORIES FROM HERODOTUS AND THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE HISTORY. With English Notes by ROBERT P. KEEP, Ph.D. 16mo, Cloth, $1 50.

IX.

GOLDSMITH'S PLAYS: She Stoops to Conquer and The Good-Natured Man. Comedies. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

X.

JOHN; or, Our Chinese Relations. A Study of our Emigration and Commercial Intercourse with the Celestial Empire. By THOMAS W. KNOX. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

XI.

MODERN FRANCE. With a brief History of Events from the Coup d'État of 1851 to the Present Time; and an Account of the Present Social, Military, Financial, Industrial, Religious, and Educational Condition of the French People. By GEORGE M. TOWLE. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

XII.

BEDOUIN TRIBES OF THE EUPHRATES. By Lady ANNE BLUNT. Edited, with a Preface and some Account of the Arabs and their Horses, by W. S. B. Map and Sketches by the Author. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

XIII.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. A History of the English Church, from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Silencing of Convocation in the Eighteenth Century. By G. G. PERRY, M.A. With an Appendix, containing a Sketch of the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By J. A. SPENCER, S.T.D. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

XIV.

AFGHANISTAN. By Major A. G. CONSTABLE. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents; Cloth, 30 cents.

XV.

THE POEMS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper, except where otherwise specified.*

That Artful Vicar. 15 cents.

The Sherlocks. By JOHN SAUNDERS. 15 cents.

Quaker Cousins. By AGNES MACDONELL. 15 cents.

Coward Conscience. By F. W. ROBINSON. 15 cents.

The Cloven Foot. By M. E. BRADDON. 15 cents.

The Grahams of Invermoy. By M. C. STIRLING. 15 cts.

All or Nothing. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. 15 cents.

Within the Precincts. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 15 cents.

Vixen. By Miss M. E. BRADDON. 15 cents.

The Last of Her Line. 15 cents.

The Awakening. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. 15 cts.

Captain Nelson. By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. 75 cents.

Within Sound of the Sea. 10 cents.

Kelverdale. By the EARL OF DESART. 15 cents.

A True Marriage. By EMILY SPENDER. 15 cents.

An International Episode. By HENRY JAMES, Jr. 20 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

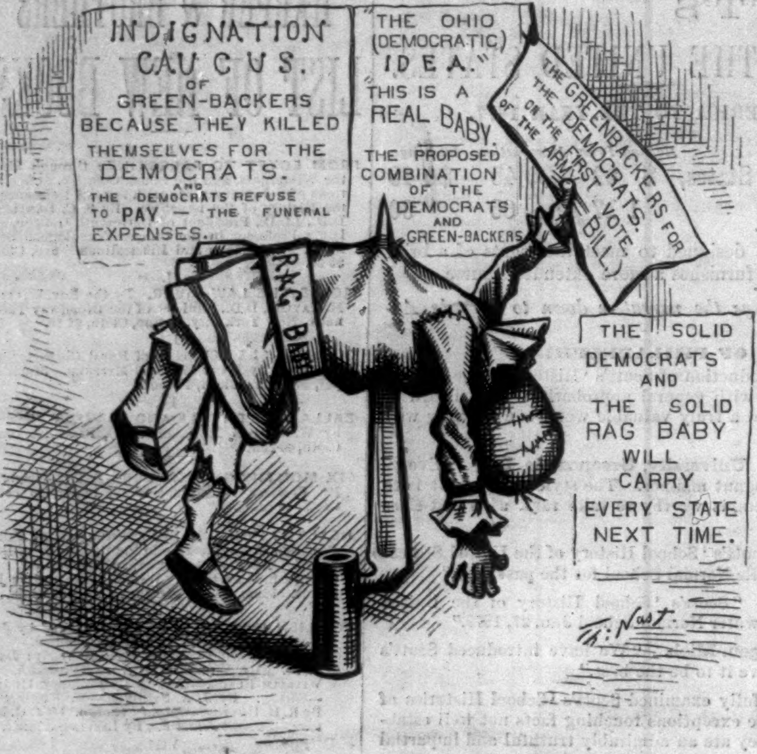
CRAYON Drawing in Colors without a teacher. Samples & instructions 15c. Cooke & Co. 13 Whitehall St. N. Y.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

GOLD Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.


INDIGNATION CAUCUS. OF GREEN-BACKERS BECAUSE THEY KILLED THEMSELVES FOR THE DEMOCRATS. AND THE DEMOCRATS REFUSE TO PAY — THE FUNERAL EXPENSES.
"THE OHIO (DEMOCRATIC) IDEA." "THIS IS A REAL BABY." THE PROPOSED COMBINATION OF THE DEMOCRATS AND GREEN-BACKERS
THE GREENBACKERS FOR THE DEMOCRATS. ON THE FIRST VOTE OF THE ARMY BILL.)
RAG BABY
THE SOLID DEMOCRATS AND THE SOLID RAG BABY WILL CARRY EVERY STATE NEXT TIME.
TH: NAST.

THE BABY OF MANY "LIVES" AND "DEATHS."

VERMILYE & CO.,
BANKERS,
Nos. 16 and 18 Nassau St., N. Y.,

Buy and sell ON COMMISSION, for cash or on margin, all securities dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange.

United States 4 per cent. Bonds, and all other issues of the Government, bought and sold at market rates, FREE OF COMMISSION, and on hand for immediate delivery.

Called 5-20s bought or exchanged on favorable terms. Interest on deposits, subject to draft at sight.

Smoke Cubebs!

MARSHALL'S
PREPARED CUBEBS
And Cigarettes,
A Sure Remedy for CATARRH, COLD in the HEAD, ASTHMA, all DISEASES of the THROAT, Hay-Fever, Foul Breath, &c.
JAMES B. HORNER,
59 Maiden Lane, N.Y., U.S.A.
Sample box by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

Important to Mothers.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP

Is the only thing that mothers can rely upon for their children. It corrects acidity of the stomach, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and allays all pain, thereby giving rest to the child and comfort to the mother. **Twenty-five cents a bottle.**

YOUMAN'S
CELEBRATED HATS.
ONLY CORRECT STYLE.
719 and 1105 BROADWAY.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE DEPOT.
H. C. PARKE, 186 Front St.,
Between Fulton St. and Burling Slip, N. Y. *Rich Porcelains, Bronzes, Enamels, and Screens.*

"SAPANULE"
Medicinal and Healing.
GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Cures pain from whatever cause. The only external remedy that is always triumphant over inflammation. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Piles, Boils, Chilblains, Bunions, Corns, Sprains, Contusions, Wounds, &c., yield at once to its soothing and healing influence. Recommended by Physicians of all schools. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pint and Quart Bottles, 50c. and $1 00. Sold by all druggists.

LAZELL, MARSH, & GARDINER,
Wholesale Agents, N. Y.
SAMUEL GERRY & CO., Proprietors,
237 Broadway, N. Y.

H. W. JOHNS'
ASBESTOS
Liquid Paints, Roofing, Boiler Coverings,
Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.

THE
ADAMS & WESTLAKE
Wire Gauze, Non-Explosive Oil Stove.

The **ONLY** Oil Stove made with **WIRE GAUZE** inside the **reservoir,** making it **absolutely safe.**

AWARDED

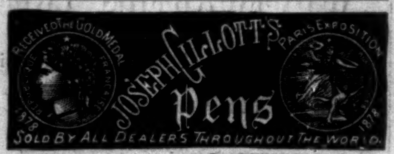
The Highest Premium—a Silver Medal—at the Paris Exposition of 1878 for

Safety, Capacity, and Durability.

Made in four sizes—Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

THE ADAMS AND WESTLAKE M'F'G CO.,
Chicago.

EASTERN AGENCIES.
E. KETCHAM & Co., 100 Beekman Street, New York.
GEO. BOOTH & Co., 59 and 61 North Second St., Phila.
LORD & ROBINSON, 88 and 90 W. Lombard St., Baltimore.



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Pens
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

Simply on their merits, as recommended by one patient to another, **Moore's Pilules** have become the most popular medicine of the day for **Chills** and all **Malarial diseases.** Sold by Druggists 50 for 50 cents (50–50). See pamphlet "Dr. C. C. Moore on Malaria," sent free on application, 68 Cortlandt street, New York. Mention this paper. Trial box **Free** to any Minister.

A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.
SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 30 cents.
J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

FRAGRANT
SOZODONT

Is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the vegetable kingdom. It cleanses, beautifies, and preserves the **TEETH,** hardens and invigorates the gums, and cools and refreshes the mouth. Every ingredient of this **Balsamic** dentifrice has a beneficial effect on the **Teeth and Gums. Impure Breath,** caused by neglected teeth, catarrh, tobacco, or spirits, is not only neutralized, but rendered fragrant, by the daily use of **SOZODONT.** It is as harmless as water, and has been indorsed by the most scientific men of the day. Sold by druggists.

THE PRESIDENT
LAWN
MOWER.

The most beautiful and perfect Mower ever offered. A complete assortment of **Ten Sizes.** Hand machines, $10 and upward. Handsome New Pony Mower, $55. Horse Mowers, $80 and upward. Acknowledged at home and abroad the Lawn Mower *par excellence. Easily operated*, **noiseless,** and incomparably the most durable. No implement requires so much precision in manufacture as the Lawn Mower: therefore compare the President with all others and **Buy the Best.**

CARR & HOBSON, 47 Cliff St., { *Two Doors from Fulton.*

Peck & Snyder
Have just published their new Illustrated
CATALOGUE FOR 1879,
Containing 196 Pages and 700 Illustrations.

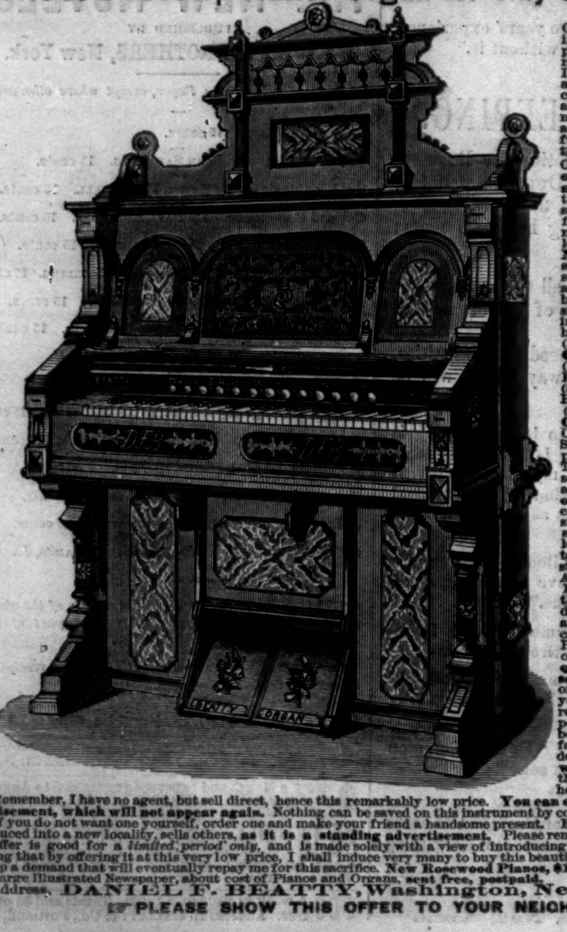
This work is valuable to every one interested in out-door pastimes. We have printed a large edition to meet the popular demand. By mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, **10c.** Address

PECK & SNYDER,
Manufacturers and Importers,
124 Nassau St., New York.

COMPOUND OXYGEN The new cure for *Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Headache, etc.,* by a *revitalizing process.* **REMARKABLE CURES** *have been made in Chronic and Nervous Diseases, which are attracting wide attention.* ☞ **REFER BY PERMISSION** To Rt. Rev. Jno. J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va.; Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, T. S. Arthur, and others who have used and *been largely benefited by this treatment.* **SENT FREE!** Brochure [200 pp.] with many testimonials to *most remarkable cures.* DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila.

$280 A YEAR FOR BOYS. No extra charges. **SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE** (Harvard University, A.M.), Media, Pa., 12 miles from Phila.

ORGAN BEST IN USE **BEATTY** **PIANO** BEST IN USE
A $375 13-Stop Parlor Organ for only $97.00



The price of this **beautiful** Grand Parlor Organ is $375, or, in other words, this is about the price asked for such an instrument by the **Monopolists** Agents I have been offering at wholesale at $105, as my very lowest net cash price. I am determined that all shall see my celebrated instruments and judge for themselves, and therefore I offer this beautiful, neat design, to the readers of this paper, **FOR ONLY $97.** Order the instrument, and **pay only after you have tested it at your own home.** Don't want the money until you are entirely satisfied. This is a very fair offer for you. ☞ Description of this magnificent instrument is as follows: **Beatty Organs, Style No. 2100.** A beautiful Celtic style of architecture in this case strikes the eye of the connoisseur and stamps it at once as the most beautiful case extant. Dimensions: Height, 74 ins.; Width, 48 ins.; Depth, 24 ins.; Weight, when boxed, over 350 pounds. **Three (3) Sets of Reeds. Five (5) Octaves. Thirteen (13) Stops.** (1) **Grand Organ;** (2) Principal Forte; (3) Dulcet; (4) Diapason; (5) Hautboy; (6) Principal; (7) Vox Humana; (8) Flute; (9) Violina; (10) Dulciana; (11) Echo; (12) **Vox Celeste;** (13) Clarionet. Beatty's Celebrated **Grand Organ** Knee Swell, and Beatty's New and Improved double acting Knee Swell. The case of this instrument is solid Walnut, full French Veneer, and finished in the **highest style of art.** The musical combination excelled by none. All things considered, it is the most desirable style that can be selected. I challenge its equal. ☞ Regular Retail price asked for such an instrument by the Monopolists' Agents, about.......... $375.00

I will sell this Beautiful Organ to the readers of this paper, in order to have it introduced, boxed and delivered on cars, **FOR ONLY $97.00**

Please send your order by letter or telegraph. **No money required until you are entirely satisfied.** Pay for the instrument only after you have tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return it at my expense, I paying freight charges both ways. This certainly is a fair offer. I positively will not deviate from this price. ☞ **Fully warranted for 6 years.** I want this instrument introduced; hence this unparalleled offer. Remember, I have no agent, but sell direct, hence this remarkably low price. **You can order direct from this Advertisement, which will not appear again.** Nothing can be saved on this instrument by correspondence. **Order at once.** If you do not want one yourself, order one and make your friend a handsome present. Every Beatty Organ when introduced into a new locality, sells others, **as it is a standing advertisement.** Please remember, the above unparalleled offer is good for a *limited period only*, and is made solely with a view of introducing this superb instrument. Trusting that by offering it at this very low price, I shall induce very many to buy this beautiful new style, thereby building up a demand that will eventually repay me for this sacrifice. **New Rosewood Pianos, $125, $135, $145 and upward.** Large Illustrated Newspaper, about cost of Pianos and Organs, sent free, postpaid.

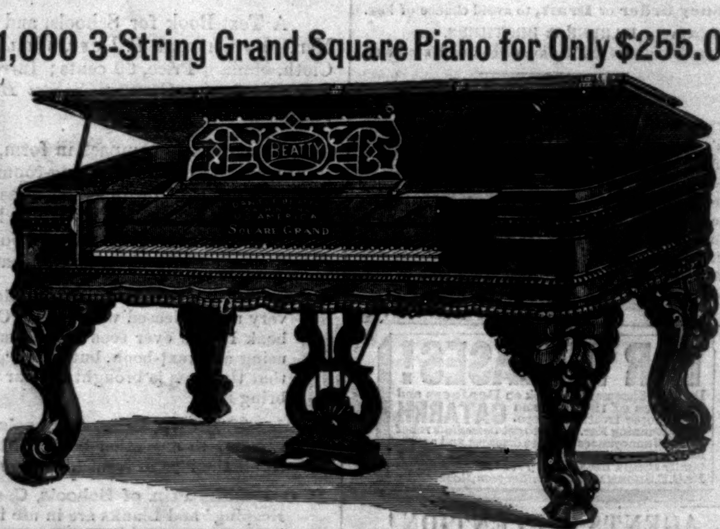
Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U.S.A.**

☞ **PLEASE SHOW THIS OFFER TO YOUR NEIGHBORS.** ☜

BEATTY—The most successful business man in the world. BEATTY'S CELEBRATED PIANOS and ORGANS are acknowledged to be the very best and most perfect instruments on the globe. More Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Cabinet Organs have been sold during the last four months than nearly all the other manufacturers combined. No wonder they are jealous of his great success. While other manufacturers are crying hard times, Beatty can hardly fill his orders, so great is the demand for his celebrated Pianos and Cabinet Organs. Mr. Beatty commenced business only eight years ago without one dollar, a poor and unknown ploughboy. He is to-day the most successful man in his line in the world, doing a business of several millions annually. This is the result of that attention to business, liberal, judicious advertising, plenty of pluck, and, above all, strictly first-class Pianos and Cabinet Organs—selling them at the very lowest net cash wholesale prices to the public direct, avoiding all middlemen, agents, &c. Read his unparalleled offers for a limited period.—*Extract from the Star.*

$1,000 3-String Grand Square Piano for Only $255.00.

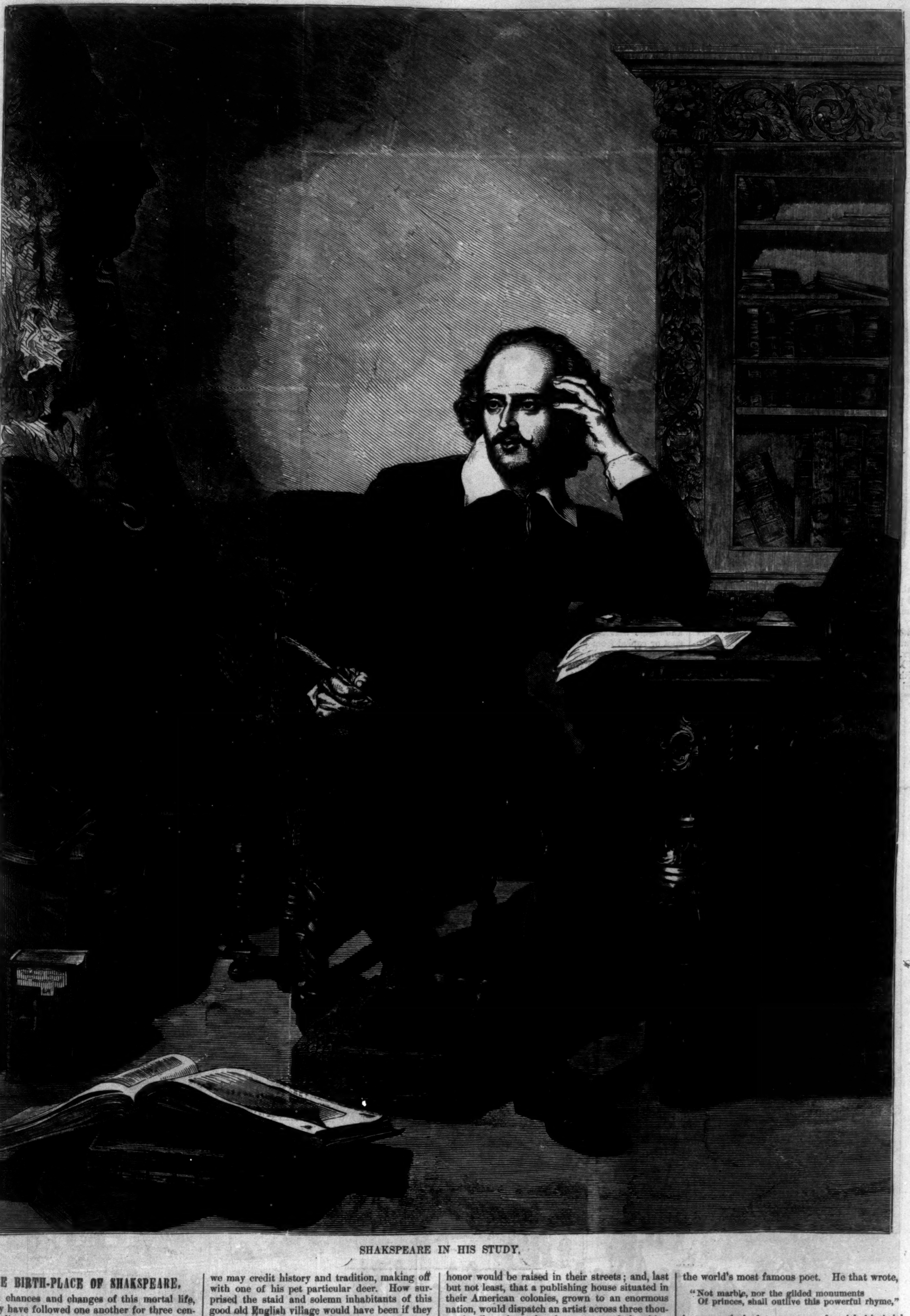
$1,000 PIANO FOR ONLY $255.



$1,000 PIANO FOR ONLY $255.

BEATTY PIANO *SQUARE GRAND, Style No. 2023.* Magnificent Rosewood Case. Elegantly finished. **Three Strings.** Weight when boxed, over 1000 lbs. Seven and one-third octaves. Full agraffe scale. Rosewood case, all round corners, beautiful carved legs and lyre, heavy serpentine and top mouldings all around the case, back finished same as front. New serpentine, with Beatty's very latest full iron frames, bars and extra braces, improved new scale, overstrung base, French grand action, fret desk, carved pedal, solid rosewood mouldings, ivory key fronts, capped hammers, agraffe treble, and every improvement which can in any way tend to the perfection of the instrument has been added. This instrument is a magnificent Pianoforte. ☞ This offer may appear fabulous, but **I mean every word of it.** It is a **special** offer, more liberal than any other manufacturer can safely make on an instrument **containing the same superior qualities,** and were it not that I do business on **a strictly cash basis,** I would not be justified in making it. In presenting this instrument to the world at this very low price, I do so with an eye to the future, knowing that its introduction into any locality will result in making many sales. Its style must be admired and its intrinsic qualities highly endorsed. Fully warranted for six years. Sent on half month test trial. No money required until the Piano is fully tested at your own home. I want this beautiful Piano more generally introduced, hence this unparalleled offer. Order at once, as every Piano when introduced in a new locality sells others. We all know a good article is a standing advertisement. **Regular retail price asked for such an instrument by the monopolists' agents, about $1,000.** ☞ **I will sell this magnificent Piano, boxed and delivered on board cars, to the readers of this paper, in order to have it more generally introduced, for only $255.** You may forward your order by letter or telegraph and the instrument will be shipped at once. No money required until the Piano is fully tested at your own home. If in any way unsatisfactory you are under no obligation whatever to keep it, as I will cheerfully take it back and pay freight charges both ways. ☞ New Parlor Organs $65 $75, $85, to $440. Latest Illustrated Newspaper, with much information about cost of Pianos and Organs sent free.

Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. America.**



SHAKSPEARE IN HIS STUDY.

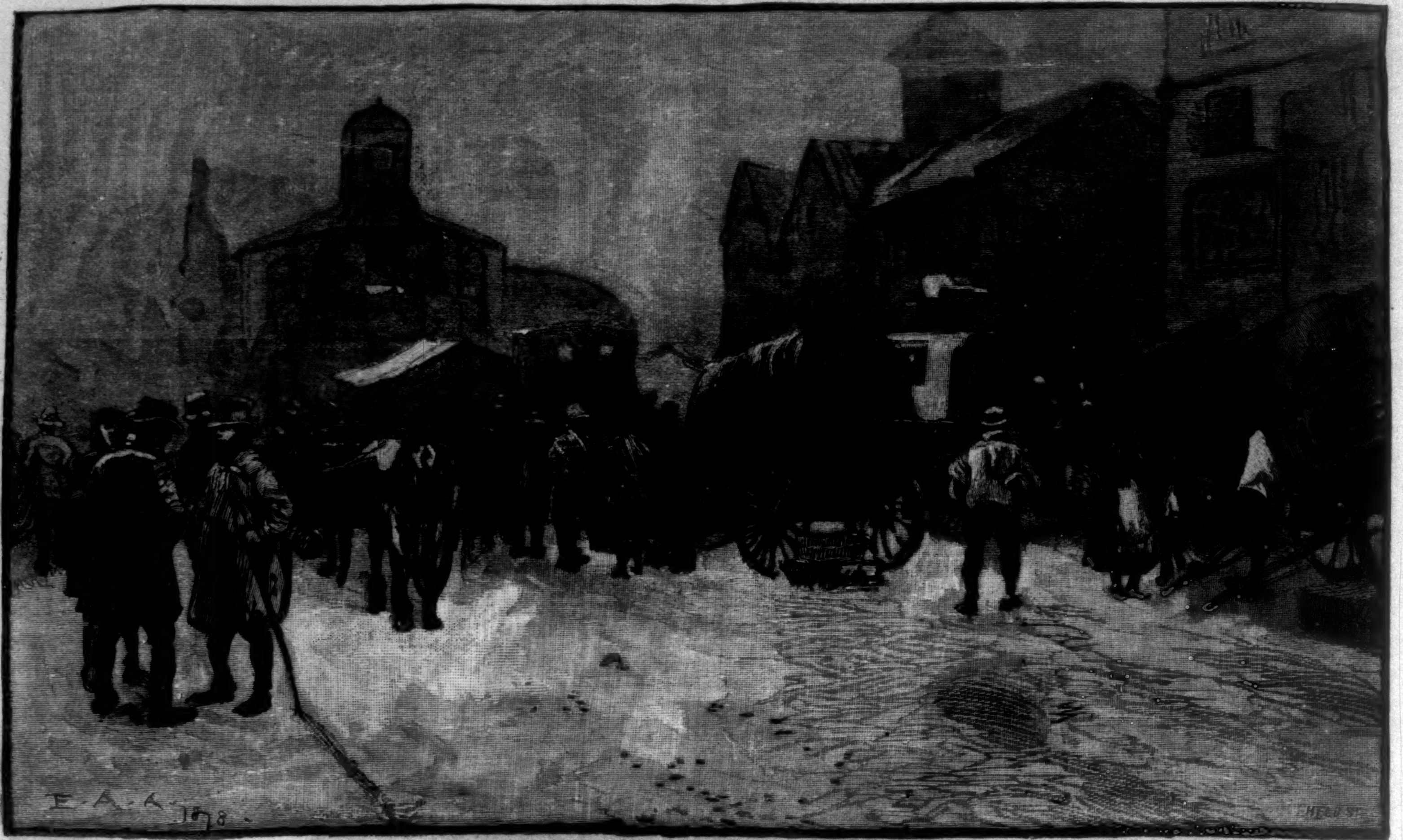
THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKSPEARE.

THE chances and changes of this mortal life, as they have followed one another for three centuries, lie between us and Stratford-upon-Avon as it was in the days when the precocious schoolboy called WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE scampered through its streets, amazed grave and Puritanical worthies by his marvellous mother-wit, and drove good Sir THOMAS LUCY distracted by scaling his park railings, laying traps for his rabbits, and, if we may credit history and tradition, making off with one of his pet particular deer. How surprised the staid and solemn inhabitants of this good old English village would have been if they could have looked forward to the days when the genius of this irrepressible youth would so immortalize their insignificant town that monarchs would lay aside their crowns to visit the humble chamber where he was born; that the greatest minds of the earth would find there a worthy shrine for their devotions; that a temple to his honor would be raised in their streets; and, last but not least, that a publishing house situated in their American colonies, grown to an enormous nation, would dispatch an artist across three thousand miles of sea for the purpose of sketching the landmarks that remain of the time when this same boy whittled his school desks, made love to ANNE HATHAWAY, wrote plays, and planted mulberry-trees!

Stratford-upon-Avon is about to become the scene of a celebration organized to do honor to the world's most famous poet. He that wrote,

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,"

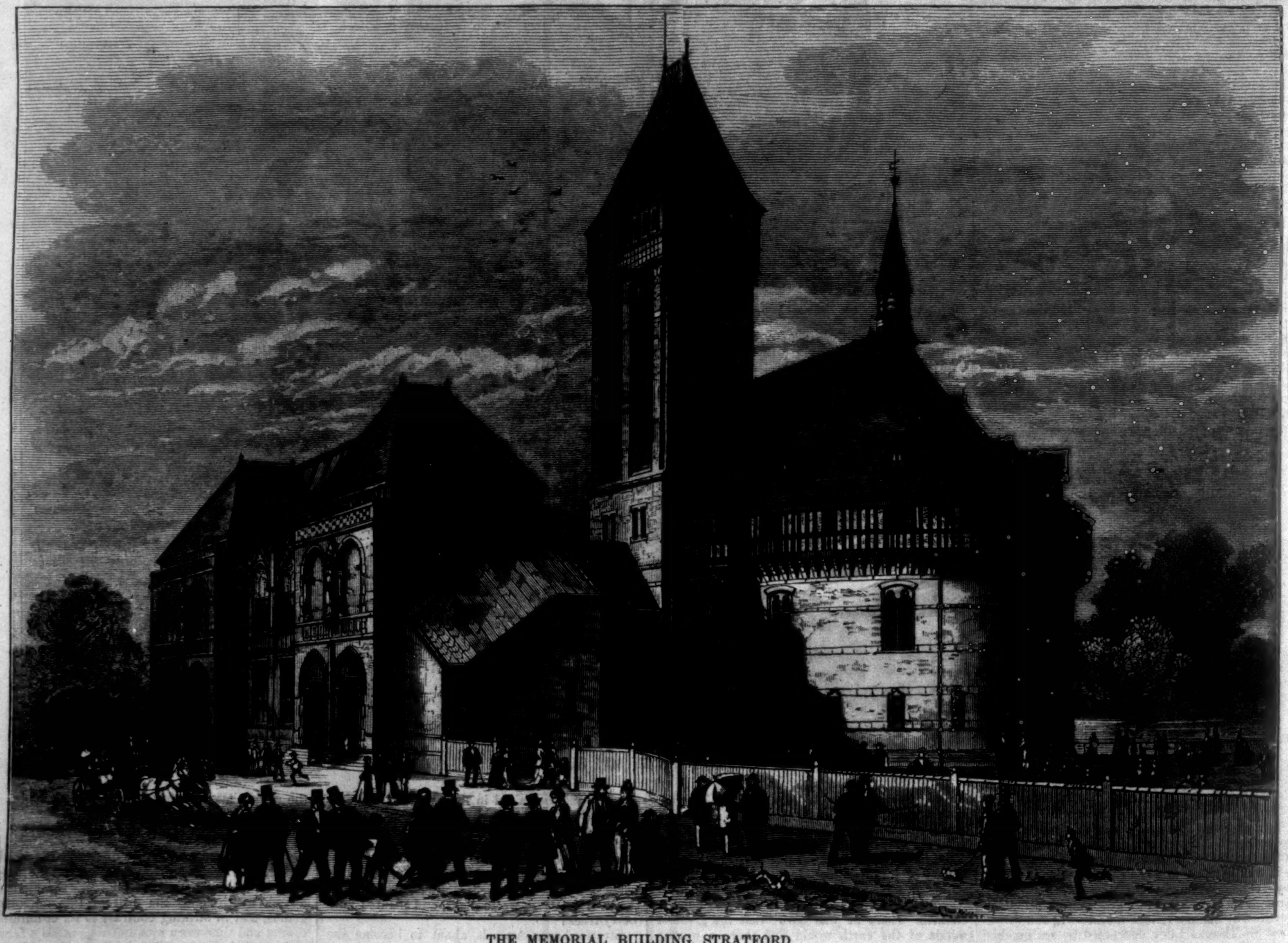
has recently had a structure of perishable brick and marble erected to his name. On the west bank of the Avon, and not far from the ancient church which holds the dust of this immortal genius, and in striking contrast to its crumbling towers and time-worn monuments, stands a fresh and stately building called the Shakspeare Memo-



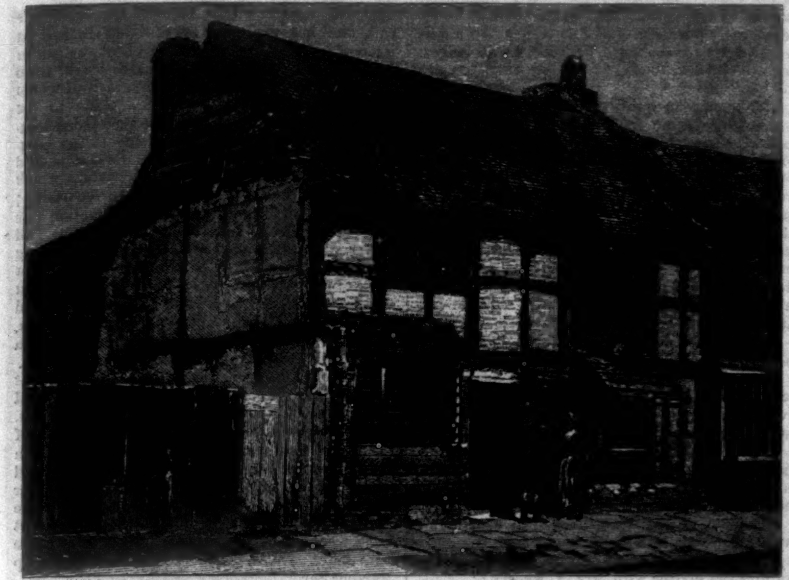
MARKET CROSS, STRATFORD.—A WINTER SKETCH.

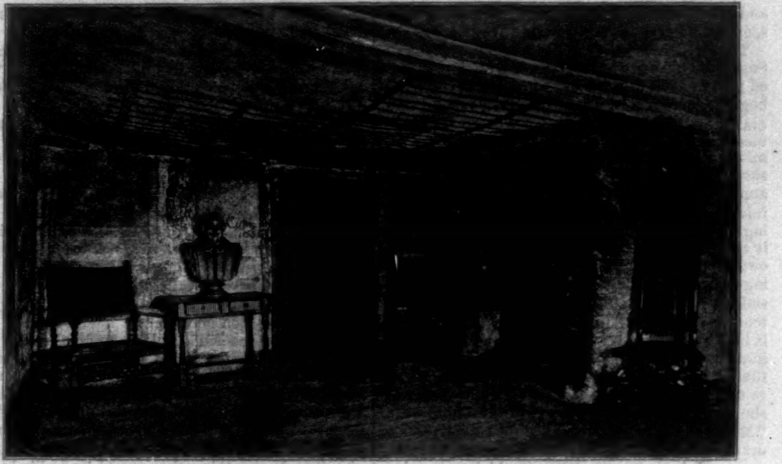
rial. This edifice, erected by contributions from all parts of the world, at last approaches completion, and has once more drawn the attention of every lover of Shakspeare to Stratford-upon-Avon. Hither, among troops of interested visitors, has journeyed our accomplished artist, Mr. E. A. Abbey, in company with Mr. William Winter, one of New York's most popular journalists. Armed with pencil and pen, these representatives of art and literature in America have passed many days amid the hallowed scenes where so large a portion of the great poet's life was spent. In following our admirably executed engravings, the interest of our readers will be enhanced by the knowledge that they were either drawn on the spot or copied from photographs lately obtained at Stratford. At the same time curiosity can not fail to carry them on from our own pages to the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, from which several of the sketches are taken, where there appear other and equally interesting views, together with Mr. Winter's most entertaining article.

In the days of Shakspeare Stratford-upon Avon was a sequestered English village containing some fourteen hundred inhabitants. At the present time it has a population of between ten and twelve thousand. The different fires which occurred toward the close of the sixteenth and early in the seventeenth century have destroyed much of its original architecture, and this circumstance is sincerely regretted by the interested examiner, who would extract a pleasure of exquisite relish from viewing objects associated with the youthful wanderings of Shakspeare. There are, however, some specimens of houses which must have been constructed anterior to the poet's time, and the visitor of taste will hope that they may remain for ages free from innovation. The buildings of later erection are in general neat and commodious, and many handsome



THE MEMORIAL BUILDING, STRATFORD.


HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN. BEFORE ITS RESTORATION.
[From Harper's Magazine for May.]

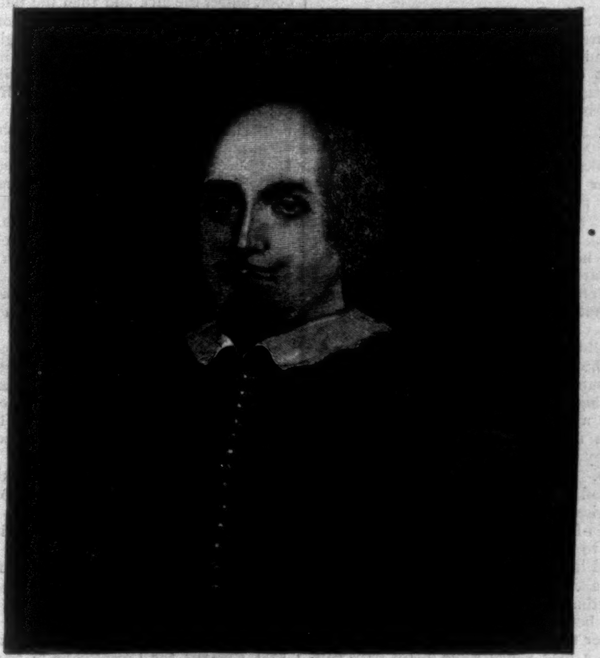

ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.
[From Harper's Magazine for May.]

dwellings occur in various parts of the town. The most interesting domestic structure in Stratford is, of course, the house in which Shakspeare was born. Unhappily we have no evidence to show which of the three houses owned by the poet's father witnessed his nativity; but the one in Henley Street is generally regarded as having been the scene of that great event. Tradition even has identified the room in which Shakspeare first saw the light. The history of this dwelling, so far as it has been traced, shows that varying fortunes may attend houses as well as men. Bequeathed by the poet to his sister Joan, the wife of William Hart, it remained in the Hart family until 1806, in which year they parted with it by sale. The premises, originally forming but one habitation, were then divided, one part being used as a butcher's shop, and the other as a public-house, known by the sign of the Swan and Maidenhead. The outer walls of the whole were divided into panels by strong pieces of timber, and a brick front substituted in that part of the building used as a public-house or inn. Subsequently the house must have again passed into the possession of the Hart family, for it was occupied for many years by relatives of theirs named Hornby. Mary Hornby was the unscrupulous poetess who, upon being finally ejected from the building, carried with her nearly all the portable relics of the Shakspeare family. In 1847 the house in which the immortal bard was born was purchased by subscription, so that it might be preserved for future generations. The room in which his birth is said to have taken place is in its original state. There are deeds in the museum (situated in the house, admission sixpence) which prove that his father resided in this house. In one of the upper rooms is the "Stratford portrait" of the author, and it is of undoubted authenticity, having been in the family of Mr. Hunt (an old resident of Stratford) for over a century.

The public buildings of Stratford are such as might be looked for in a town of its antiquity and size, and scarcely any one of them is without its especial memorial of Shakspeare, as if the place could have no glories unconnected with him. The Town-hall is a fine structure of the Tuscan order, erected in 1768. At the festival instituted by the celebrated Garrick in the following year, in honor of England's greatest dramatist, the building was dedicated to the memory of Shakspeare, and given the name of Shakspeare's Hall. The church of Stratford is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and is a spacious and venerable structure. It has many remarkable monuments and inscriptions, but the attention of the visitor is chiefly attracted by the spot sacred to the memories of Shakspeare. All that is earthly of the great dramatist lies on the north side of the chancel, beneath the stone which bears the familiar inscription:

Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare,
To digg the dvst encloased heare;
Bleste be y^e man y^t spares thes stones
And cvrst be he y^t moves my bones.

Adjoining the chapel connected with the Church of the Holy Trinity is the ancient Guild Hall—a building supposed to have been erected under the direction of Robert de Stratford toward the close of the thirteenth century, and which was originally appropriated to the use of the fraternity of the Holy Cross. The structure has, however, undergone many alterations, particularly on the exterior. Here in the days of Shakspeare was held the free grammar school—an institution to which any boy seven years of age and able to read was admitted. The school was founded in the reign of Edward VI. by an ecclesiastic named Jolyffe, who was a native of Stratford, and a member of the ancient guild of the Holy Cross. An interest must ever be connected with this scholastic foundation, for under its auspices Shakspeare was undoubtedly educated. By virtue of a charter granted by Edward VI., not more than a fortnight before his death, the master of this free grammar school received from the corporation an annual stipend of £20, and was provided with a dwelling-house. The market-house, locally termed the Cross, is situated at the upper end of High Street. This building is probably as ancient as the time of Elizabeth, but was certainly erected at a period subsequent to the Reformation, as it incloses the remains—that is, the base, with part of the shaft—of a cross formerly erected for purposes of devotion.


STRATFORD PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.
[From Harper's Magazine for May.]

The visitor must journey about a mile from the town before he can reach the cottage of Anne Hathaway, where Shakspeare wooed and won the wife of whom in his will he makes no other mention than that she is to have his "second-best bed." This old building is a most interesting specimen of an old English farm-house; but for a description of it we must refer our readers to Mr. Winter's article in the *Magazine*, to which allusion has already been made.

In studying the works of Shakspeare the enthusiastic lover of dramatic poetry comes to regard it almost as a personal misfortune that so little is positively known of the life of this remarkable man. That William Shakspeare was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, that he married and had three children, that he wrote a certain number of dramas, that he died before he had attained to old age, and was buried in his native town, are the only facts of which we are certainly possessed concerning the greatest poet who ever lived. This extraordinary paucity of personal memorials, contrasted with the unlimited spread of his literary renown, reminded us of a remark of Bruyère: "There have appeared from time to time some admirable, extraordinary men, whose virtue and eminent qualities cast a prodigious lustre, like those unusual stars in heaven, the causes of which we are ignorant of, and know as little of them after they disappear." The writings of Shakspeare alone speak of him in a satisfactory way. His mind stands there identified; and perhaps it is but for the best that we are permitted to study him only when his feelings were lifted to the height they attained in his exalted moments, and when, by the power of his transcendent genius, he soared above all the trammels of ungracious circumstance.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1164.]

The Distracted Young Preacher.

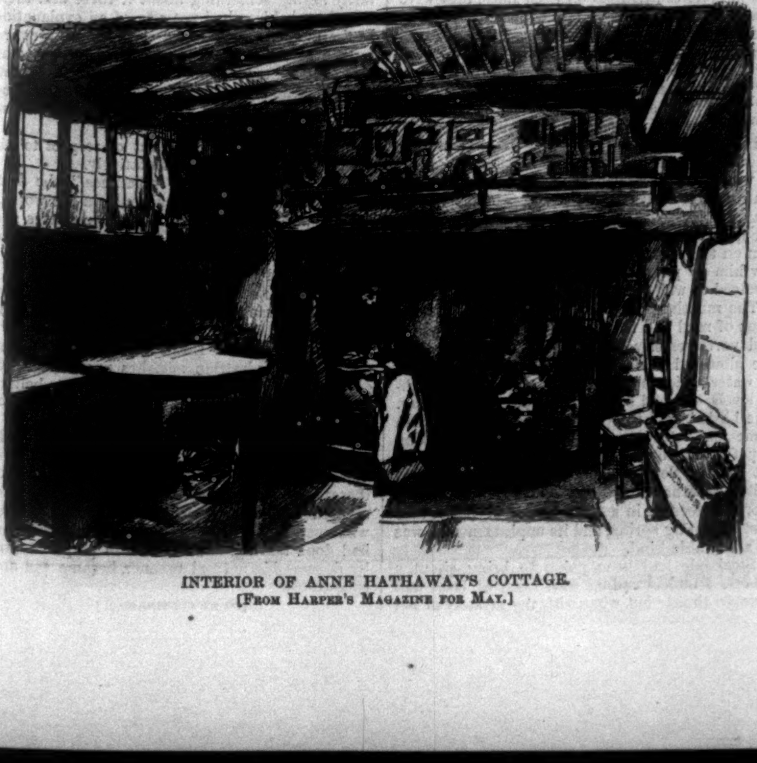
By THOMAS HARDY,

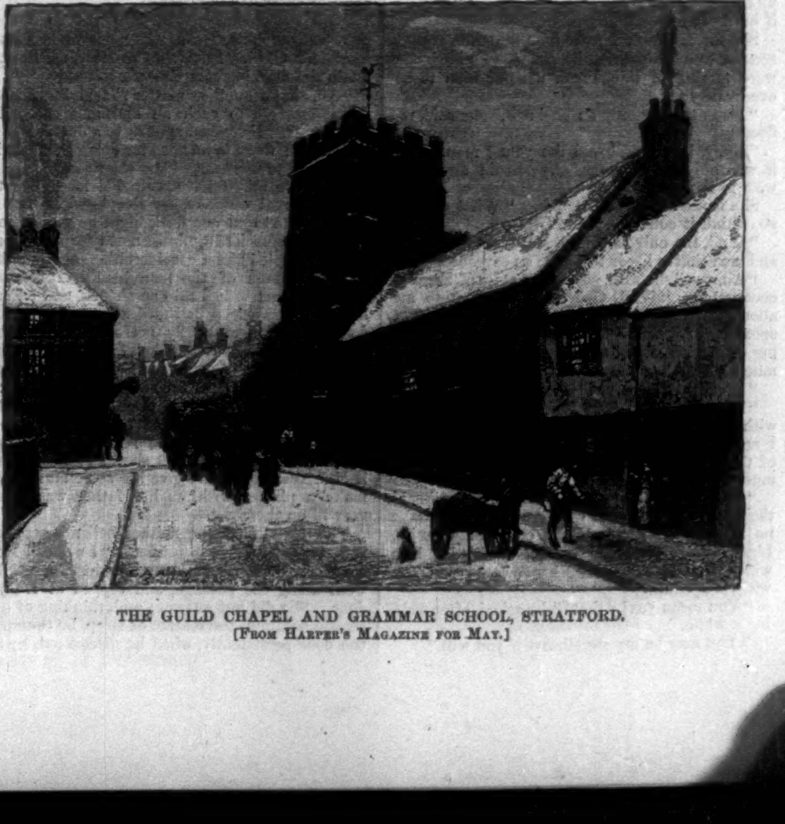
Author of "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—(*Continued.*)

HOW HIS COLD WAS CURED.

As for Stockdale, he clearly perceived that he possessed unlimited capacity for backsliding, and set a watch upon his tongue and eyes for the space of one hour and a half; after which he found it was useless to struggle further, and gave himself up to the situation. "The other minister will be here in a month," he said to himself, when sitting over the fire. "Then I shall be off, and she will distract my mind no more. . . . And then, shall I go on living by myself forever? No; when my two years are finished I shall have a furnished house to live in, with a varnished door;


INTERIOR OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.
[From Harper's Magazine for May.]


THE GUILD CHAPEL AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, STRATFORD.
[From Harper's Magazine for May.]